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The Scotch Reform Bill.
Remedies for Ireland.
Mr. Gladstone and the Trade Delegates.
Mr. Bandmann at the Lyceum.
Literary Veal.
SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
MEN OF MARK:—
No. XIII.—Lamartine.
CORRESPONDENCE:—
Novels and Poetry.
"Dr. Muspratt's Patients."
FINE ARTS:—
Music.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Mr. Darwin on "Artificial Selection"—(First Notice).
Max Havelaar.
A History of Reform.
David Garrick—(First Notice).
Master and Servant Law.
Ancient Faiths.

The Explorations of Speke and Grant.
Prince Henry the Navigator.
The Study of the New Testament.
New Novels.
Short Notices.
List of New Publications for the Week.

THE SCOTCH REFORM BILL.

WE trust that the Scotch Liberal members are satisfied with the result of the confidence they reposed in Mr. Disraeli, and the support which they gave him during last session. Separating from the bulk of their party, and turning a deaf ear to our sufferings under the compound householder, they assisted the right hon. gentleman to impose upon England a borough suffrage ill-adapted to our circumstances, because, as they said with undisguised selfishness, compounding for rates is unknown in Scotland, and its abolition can therefore occasion no inconvenience in that country. They deliberately converted a national into a provincial question, and avowed their indifference to the fate of the rest of the empire so long as the demands of Scotland were duly attended to. It is true that even last session Mr. Disraeli did not offer quite so high a reward as they thought their services deserved. His propositions with respect to the grant of new seats, and the redistribution of those already in existence, were of an inadequate and indeed a retrograde character; but then he was so ready to listen to suggestions, he was, or appeared to be, so profoundly impressed with the claims of Scotland to increased representation, he laid so much stress on what might be done to meet those claims when the subject came before the House in the present session, that our friends from the north of the Tweed became fully persuaded that his heart at any rate was with them, and that they might eventually squeeze out of him a considerable portion, if not the whole, of that rather large measure of justice which they demand for their native land. There was, no doubt, a good deal of astuteness in their tactics; but "canny" as they were, Mr. Disraeli has been too much for them. Having bought them last session, he is now about to sell them. Having in 1867 paralyzed the action of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone by their aid, he turns round upon them in 1868, offers them a measure which is a complete disappointment to their hopes and expectations, and when they complain, he tells them in his most mocking vein not to run after Jack o' Lanterns. If, indeed, the House likes to give them what they want, he assures them, in a tone of unconcealed sarcasm, that he will not stand in the way, but he lets them know plainly enough, that so far as the Government are concerned, their efforts and influence will be confined to the passage of the Bill as it is introduced. The Scotch members are naturally indignant at such treatment, but they cannot reasonably expect English Liberals to sympathize with them. By their action last year they prevented a settlement of the whole question of Parliamentary reform on a broad and permanent basis; and they have only received their deserts, if, after having assisted Mr. Disraeli to deal with the subject in a piecemeal and hand-to-mouth manner, they now find themselves, as it were, left out in the cold, with a paltry boon of seven additional seats ingeniously distributed amongst old and new constituencies, in the most unfair manner, and obviously with a single eye to party objects.

So far as the borough franchise is concerned, there is little or nothing to be said against the Bill. It will be the same as in England; and although no doubt some inconvenience will be caused by the rate-paying qualification, that is not a matter with which Parliament can be expected to trouble itself after the legislation of last year. As the measure stands, it will not

confer the vote upon lodgers; but the Lord Advocate contends that this is not necessary in Scotland, because in that country the law has always recognised the right of lodgers to be on the register as tenants. Whether this view be or be not sound, we are not in a position to decide; but we do not find that any exception was taken to it in the course of the discussion on Monday evening, and at any rate the point is not material at present, since the learned lord intimated that if it was desired the Government would have no objection to provide for a lodger franchise, as in England, by the insertion of a special clause. The county franchise is not so free from objections. In the first place, the apparent equality between the occupation franchise in England and Scotland is really an inequality against the latter. Owing to the difference in the value of property and in the rate of rental in the two countries, whole classes who are enfranchised in England under a £12 rating will, in Scotland, remain non-electors under such a qualification. According to Mr. M'Laren, its operation will not only be inadequate but positively objectionable; for while it will give the vote to small farmers who are under the influence of their landlords, "it will not reach the Dissenting minister, the schoolmaster, the village doctor, and other persons whose incomes range from £100 to £300 a year"—in other words, the really independent portion of the country population. That is certainly not the object which Liberals desire to obtain by an extension of the franchise; and an effort should certainly be made in committee to fix the occupation franchise at a figure which will confer electoral privileges upon the same classes in Scotland that will enjoy them in England. It is almost still more expedient to insist upon another modification of this franchise. As the Bill is drawn, the occupation franchise will be conferred upon all tenants of land, whether with or without a house or building upon it. That will of course give every facility for the creation of faggot votes, and in the sparsely populated counties of Scotland will place the representation at the mercy of the landlords. It is not improbable, indeed, that the provision is intended to have that effect, for looking to the scheme of redistribution contained in the Bill, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the main object of the measure is to strengthen the Conservative party in Scotland and to increase its share in the representation of the country.

It is, of course, upon that portion of the Bill which relates to the augmentation in the number of Scotch members, and to the distribution of the new seats, that the main struggle will take place. In fact, this portion of the measure bristles with points of controversy. In the first place, there is the source from which the new members are to be supplied. In order to save the small English boroughs the Government recommend an increase in the number of members of the House of Commons; but although this is an easy, we cannot help regarding it as a most objectionable expedient. That assembly is already larger than any other representative body in the world. It is quite as large as is consistent with the proper performance of its deliberative functions; and although we do not mean to say that the addition of seven members would make any appreciable difference in this respect, it is clear that it would be the commencement of a process which there would be many temptations to continue, and the continuance of which would be fraught with the greatest mischief. It

will certainly be difficult, and we expect it will prove impossible, to induce the House of Commons to disturb the arrangement made last year with reference to the English representation; but as that arrangement does not contain any elements of permanence, and cannot possibly endure for many sessions of a reformed Parliament, it would be far better to postpone for the present any increase in the number of Scotch members, than to make the very inadequate addition now proposed, in a manner unsound in principle and dangerous in practice. There is no doubt that Scotland is entitled to something like fifteen or twenty more members than she now possesses, but she will never get them so long as the question is treated separately. Her fair demands will only be recognised when their satisfaction is made part of a general scheme dealing impartially with the constituencies north and south of the Tweed in the ratio of their importance, and without reference to their national character. Even if the House of Commons should be willing to accede to a small increase in its numbers, Scotland might lose more by not retaining her claims intact until a favourable opportunity occurs for urging them than she would gain by a present addition of seven members. If the Scotch Liberal representatives would unanimously concur in refusing to accept even as an instalment the pitiful offer made to them by Mr. Disraeli, the immediate result would be to confine the operation of the present Bill to the extension of the franchise; but the ultimate effect of such a step would be to make it perfectly certain that the Reformed Parliament must in its first or second session apply itself vigorously to the redistribution of seats throughout the United Kingdom.

The arguments in favour of such a course, which was strenuously recommended on Monday evening by Mr. Baxter and Mr. McLaren, are greatly strengthened by the gross injustice and obvious one-sidedness of the manner in which the Government proposes to distribute the seven seats which are to be given to Scotland. No objection can be made to an additional member being given to the counties of Lanark and Ayr. They are well entitled to it by their population and wealth. But the addition is not to be made without weeding out of their constituencies a number of large towns whose inhabitants are free from territorial influence and give a character of independence to the elections. A new group of boroughs is formed, if not for the express purpose, yet with the almost certain effect, of handing over to a particular class the control over the counties from which they are taken. To confer new members under such conditions is in fact to weaken and not to strengthen the representation of the country. Even less tolerable than this is the proposition to add Hawick and Galashiels to the Haddington burghs, and Alloa to Stirling, without any addition whatever to the members possessed by the large constituencies which it is proposed thus to increase. Nor is it decent that while Dundee and Aberdeen, with populations of from 80,000 to 100,000, are left with one member each, the Scotch universities should have two representatives conferred upon them. Neither the number of their electors nor their importance entitles them to such a share in the representation of the country, and the only reason for giving it to them in preference to the large towns we have named seems to be that they will probably exercise their privileges by returning two Tory members. After what took place last session, we are not entitled to make it matter of complaint against the Government, that the third member given to Glasgow should be conferred upon the minority of the constituency; but in considering the operation of the Bill, we cannot altogether exclude from our view the fact that this circumstance will insure the return of still another Conservative representative. While additional representation is withheld from large towns which are fully entitled to it, and while groups of boroughs are formed with the avowed object of protecting the rights of the country population, not the slightest steps are taken to remove the gross anomalies which characterize the Scotch county representation. It is perfectly absurd that small counties like Selkirk, which has barely ten thousand inhabitants, and others which have not a much larger population, should each continue to return a member, while borough populations of from seventy thousand to eighty thousand should be massed together by grouping in order to obtain a similar privilege. Even within Scotland itself there is great room for a redistribution of seats in order to place the representation of different portions of the country, and of different classes, on a basis of equality and justice. The Government might have done something in this direction, even if they had felt themselves unable at the present time to redress the inequalities of representation as between Scotland and England. Instead of mitigating, their Bill will, however, increase the evils and anomalies which at present

exist; and although in the present state of parties it is impossible to say that it will not pass, it cannot at the best be regarded in any other light than a mere temporary expedient.

REMEDIES FOR IRELAND.

EARL RUSSELL has written what will be read in Ireland as an apology for his Durham letter. Whatever may be thought of the value of the cures he proposes, there can be no doubt of the genial sincerity with which he offers them. This is in itself a healthy sign. Statesmen used to deal with Irish topics in a tone of compassionate interest, which was eminently distasteful, and almost insulting, to a sensitive people. There was, in fact, a certain fashion in alluding to the grievances of our neighbours which partook of a serio-comic or an entirely bigoted air. We have been obliged to change our tone. The condition of the country is now gone beyond a joke, and beyond the patronage of a wordy eloquence which was even more useless than the humour of members of Parliament. There is a great advantage in the circumstance that those who are most prominent in coming forward with palliatives are also Englishmen. Earl Russell and Mr. Mill cannot be suspected of either Green or Orange principles. One, perhaps, cares less for the Pope than any writer or thinker living, and the other has fewer sympathies with King William of glorious memory than his political opponents, many of whom still wear the colours of partisanship at festivals in Ulster. Then, again, both present us with valuable criticisms for comparative purposes. It is curious to note where they differ and where they agree. We may say at once, that while we believe Earl Russell does not go far enough, Mr. Mill appears to us to push his theories dangerously, and almost recklessly. A philosopher of the calmest school, recommending government by sympathy is a somewhat unexpected sight, and yet that is really the position which Mr. Mill assumes in his pamphlet. He insists that we are unable to deal with the Irish on account of a sort of native incapacity for comprehending, or an obstinate determination to force laws and customs upon them which, working well enough under certain conditions, we believe must work equally well when many of those conditions are changed or absent. Earl Russell is more matter-of-fact. He has very little to say about difference of race, and quotes figures to prove that in material prosperity Ireland is on the road to improvement. Mr. Mill is hopeless of the future, unless a peaceable revolution anticipate a rebellion. There is one important point which he seems to have left uncovered. Ireland appears to be constantly struggling with its population. At one time, we are told, there were too many people, and the principles of political economy avenged themselves by clearing off the surplus people in a drastic and forcible manner. At another, at the present moment for instance, there are complaints that scarce enough of people are left to till the land, and that some of it is relapsing into sterility. We cannot think that Mr. Mill would contemplate with satisfaction a country covered with swarming paupers developed from a precarious source of support, and dependant on the seasons for the very means of living. The complaint that the people have gone from Ireland in such numbers as to interfere with the due cultivation of the soil does not appear to be substantiated sufficiently by facts. The rate of wages has increased to a degree indicative of a condition of the labouring classes which must be considered as prosperous when compared with the rate of former times. The professional classes and the shopkeepers are suffering from the oscillation consequent on the settling down of the country to a rational amount of people. They provided a machine for supplying an almost unlimited population, which drew itself off more suddenly than they were prepared for. In time those classes will benefit by the general solvency of those with whom they deal. Fenianism is a bad argument in favour of a peasant proprietorship. It is not native produce, and it only keeps its hold upon the soil by the careful nurturing of a few mischievous agitators. The peasants really know nothing about it, except in a dim, vague manner. When the "risings" were attempted, we did not find them joining in any numbers—the largest contingents of the Fenian rabble being supplied from the shops of the towns, and the mechanics. There is no necessity for making new laws of property to meet the desires of a few hundred Sim Tapertits; but we admit that changes in the law of landlord and tenant ought to be made in order to compensate for the absence of that healthy public opinion which keeps the English landlord and his tenant on good terms. Here, indeed, legislation is not only desirable, but requisite. It ought to stop short, however, of the sort of equitable confiscation proposed by Mr. Mill. Buying out Irish

landlords would only afford at most a temporary relief; the landlord is only one evil connected with the land, although often the greatest. A different spirit should animate the people in working it. Unquestionably it must be granted that the feeling of uncertainty under which they labour often causes the farmers to cultivate in a slipshod and indifferent way; but when that uncertainty is removed, it will be found that there is still a little of the Paddy-go-easy principles lingering amongst them.

With reference to the Irish Established Church, intelligent persons have so universally agreed as to the mischief of its existence, the troubles which it continues to perpetuate and excite, that we are surprised at Lord Russell dwelling so long upon it. We do not think that the Irish people would cheerfully accept the proposal of "a fair division of the rent-charge in lieu of tithes, giving about six-eighths to the Roman Catholic, about one-eighth to the Protestant Episcopal, and less than one-eighth to the Presbyterian Church." Neither can we imagine that the favour of allowing Dr. Cullen to do by law what he constantly does in violation of a stupid law, would be received as a great boon. The voluntary system is decidedly the best and fittest system for Ireland. Lord Russell bases an almost eccentric speculation as to the relief the State might afford to Roman Catholics, upon the principle that the farmers look upon the subsidies they give to priests as a tax. This is not so. The priests are readily and cordially supported in Ireland; they spring from classes that are devoted to them, and those classes take a pride in seeing that their clergy are comparatively well off, and their places of worship suited to the dignity of religion. We cordially agree with the opinion which Earl Russell expresses with a rather old-fashioned stateliness, that Mr. Gladstone is the man who ought to lead the Liberal party on questions of Irish reform. Irish questions, if possible, should be dealt with in a spirit unembarrassed by party considerations; but we fear from Mr. Disraeli's following, and especially from his Irish following, that a distinct line must be adopted by the Liberal section, and that they will find it impossible to combine or coalesce with an Administration so identified by tradition and interest with many causes of Irish discontent. It is hard, however, to say what Mr. Disraeli may do, and to what extent he may be able to educate his pliant pupils; if he brings them to a right mind on this ground, he will have accomplished even a more difficult feat than that in which he so distinguished himself last session.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TRADE DELEGATES.

SUCH a conversation as that which took place between Mr. Gladstone and the trade delegates on Tuesday was not in its nature of a kind to settle anything, and no one will feel this more fully than the delegates themselves. It was not possible to make it the means of a rigid examination into the rules and practices of trade unions. The most striking point to be investigated was purposely set aside, namely, the violence exercised by working men towards their fellow-workmen. And though it was left out of the discussion as a matter of courtesy, Mr. Gladstone assuming that it could not for a moment be a subject of contention between him and the deputation, there is no practice in connection with the trade unions which has anything like the same importance.

If there is now a feeling of misgiving in the minds of many who were till lately friendly to trade combinations, it is owing to the disclosures made at Sheffield of coercion enforced by the most lawless violence, and of a chronic reign of terror kept up by the most cold-blooded murder. Mr. Gladstone was perfectly right in assuming that there could be no two opinions with regard to outrages of this kind. But though that was a good reason why the subject should not be discussed between him and the deputation, their interview is so far diminished in value. It is "Hamlet" with the chief character left out. We do not for a moment mean to say that any of the members of the deputation would have refused to protest in the strongest possible language against the doings which have disgraced Sheffield. But in such a matter we cannot ask society to draw distinctions between the opinions of this individual and the practices of that. They look at trade unions as a whole; and this is, after all, a fair way of judging of any institution. There is no doubt that, short of the horrible acts perpetrated in Sheffield, violence has more or less been used in support of the principle of trade combinations. It is also true that there is a moral strain exerted in their favour, amounting to coercion. Even this is not to the liking of Englishmen; and it is only when the disadvantage under which labour has to compete with capital is considered that

trade unions have any chance of obtaining sympathy outside their own circle. Add personal outrage to moral coercion, and we have at once a tyranny certain to be regarded with resentment and horror. We say, therefore, that though, as a matter of courtesy, trade outrages were omitted from the points discussed between Mr. Gladstone and the delegates, they are the great fact which we have to deal with in examining the subject of trade combinations. The deputation, had it been asked, would no doubt have admitted that they are a deplorable abuse. It made this admission with regard to very minor faults. But that will not satisfy society. It will ask whether the abuse is not the natural result of trade unions. It will urge that they have, more or less, a tendency to violence. And if it requires to be told what measures have been taken by the central associations, not only to denounce, but to punish the excesses of unworthy members or associates, we are by no means confident that the answer will be as satisfactory as we could wish it to be.

In these days, we presume there is no one who will deny to labour the right to combine for the protection of its interests. Mr. Gladstone put this very fairly. "With regard," he said, "to the principle of association among working men, with a view to the diminution of the amount of labour, and getting the best price for it that it will bring in the market, I can take no exception to association on that principle. I rather think it is a natural mode of what one may call self-defence in that friendly strife which must always go on between the capitalist and the labourer." Even with regard to the extreme measure of a strike, he told the deputation that he was not prepared to say that "it is in itself a thing unjust or improper." There can be very little difficulty in endorsing this opinion. One of the first rights of a free citizen is the right to labour, or not, as he chooses. That is, no doubt, true. But the action whose influence is imperceptible, or at all events inconsequent, when its agent is an individual, becomes powerful for much good or much evil when it represents a multitude. Now, the good which trade unions have produced has been this, namely, that they have enabled labour to contend upon pretty nearly equal terms with capital; that is unquestionably a great gain. It is not, however, unqualified. Some members of the deputation laid great stress on the argument that the principles of trade combination were not to be judged by their abuse; and they cited the fact that abuse is inevitable to all human institutions. But much will depend upon the extent to which the inherent vices of all things human may run. Unfortunately, in the case of the trade unions, this errant tendency has been largely developed. Of outrages we have spoken already; but, short of such excesses, Mr. Gladstone called the attention of the deputation to the rules of some trade unions, which extorted from him, notwithstanding his evident wish to steer clear of a collision, some of the strongest terms of reprobation he has ever used. He mentioned a rule in the bricklaying trade in Lancashire against working down the raw material at the place "where it can be done best and cheapest;" and a rule amongst masons to the effect that the stone which is quarried may not be "dressed" in the quarry itself, but must be taken to the place where it is to be put in the building. "Is it possible," he asked, "as a matter of fact, to denounce too strongly such a rule as that? It is a rule," he continued, "worthy of savages. There was nothing in the Corn-law that was a bit worse than that. It is a waste of human labour. It is refusing to make God's gifts go as far as He intended them to go, when you require labour to be done by such a useless regulation." When he had said this, Mr. Gladstone added, "I do not know whether that is a trade-union regulation or not;" and Mr. Potter and some other members of the deputation said that it was not. We are glad to hear this. We are glad also to know that the deputation did not approve of certain other arbitrary and tyrannical restrictions imposed on labour which Mr. Gladstone mentioned. But when we find them disclaiming rule after rule, which are undoubtedly in force in local unions, what are we to say but that the system of trade unions is destitute of cohesion and uniformity; that it is a kingdom divided against itself, and that those who use its principles have no control over those who abuse them? If point of fact, if the conversation between the deputation and Mr. Gladstone tells us anything, it is that the trade unions are a vast and powerful organization without any self-control. They may develop into murder here; into arbitrary restriction there; into some other form of tyranny and absurdity in some other place. We do not say that this is a reason why Parliament or society should assume a position of hostility towards trade unions. But it is the strongest reason why what we call labour should reconsider its position with reference to the excesses into which its combinations have developed,

and should make one earnest effort to set itself right in the eyes of the country upon matters with regard to which, if it is not responsibly in the wrong, it is powerless for the protection of interests which society will not suffer to be sacrificed.

MR. BANDMANN AT THE LYCEUM.

THE quaint and peculiar principles of management which now govern the Lyceum Theatre, the belief in those questionable attractions which shock even the not too sensitive feelings of the Lord Chamberlain, have oddly enough led up to the engagement of an actor, new to the London public, whose merits are considerable and exceptional, and whose style is purely legitimate. Whether Mr. E. T. Smith, with that repentence which sometimes comes even to the most hardened offenders, is anxious to purge himself of the sin of *Finette* and the *cancan*, by the engagement of Mr. Bandmann, the German tragedian, it is not for us to determine. Our duty begins and ends in thanking him for an intellectual entertainment, which we can only hope will be profitable enough to encourage him still further to persevere in the same path. Managers nowadays are not likely to do anything that will not pay, for the sake of an idea—a desire to elevate the stage and the drama,—and we can scarcely blame them. The man who turns his playhouse into an English copy of the Théâtre Française, in the present condition of public taste, is only courting the fatal embraces of the Bankruptcy Court. Mr. E. T. Smith, with that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar property of statesmen, will not give up *Finette* until he is quite sure of the commercial success of Mr. Bandmann. He runs the "great actor" and the great prancer together, and thus provides an entertainment which appeals to the animal instincts as well as the intellectual faculties of playgoers. If playgoers desire a more elevated and elevating entertainment, they have only to make their wishes known at the box-office, and the enterprising manager will see that those wishes are gratified.

Mr. Bandmann, if we are rightly informed, has been some time in England seeking an engagement with a piece that is not promising at first sight. "Narcisse," or "Narziss," as it is called in Germany, is a five-act tragedy, by Herr Brachvogel, the Hofdramatist of Berlin, who is favourably known by his "Sebastian Bach" and other dramas. It is founded on a story by Goethe, which was itself founded on a story by Diderot, called "Le Neveu de Rameau," and is full of the faults of the so-called historical dramas. It introduces persons on the stage who own well-known if not illustrious names, and who speak and behave like bores, bears, and idiots. The strong tragic interest of the main story is cut up for the sake of giving more or less fancy pictures of the Court of Louis XV. of France. His celebrated mistress, the Marchioness de Pompadour, is introduced as the heroine, surrounded by ballet-masters, Prime Ministers, and courtiers, who are ill at ease in silk stockings and gold-laced garments. The story is not only kept waiting while these persons are trying their skill as masters of deportment, but on the first night a grand ballet à la *Vestris* was thrust in, which had the effect of making the audience forget all that had gone before. For nearly half an hour a number of young ladies went through a variety of evolutions intended to be very graceful and classical, but, unfortunately, the ballet-master, M. Espinosa, had been too archaeologically correct in his devices. What was quaint and amusing in the middle of the last century was found to be only absurd in the middle of the present century, and the ballet à la *Vestris* was unanimously voted to be a mistake, and we understand has since been withdrawn.

The part of Narcisse, the hero of this play, which is represented by Mr. Bandmann, is almost confined to three scenes—the most powerful and best written out of ten or a dozen. Narcisse is a poor musician, whose wife has left him to be the mistress of the King, though the husband is ignorant of her fate. He wanders about Paris, poor, ragged, miserable, and cynical, and in this state is one day seen by his wife, who is now the Marchioness de Pompadour. The Marchioness, who believed he had left France, rich with money she had sent him, is seized with remorse and illness, and her enemies, ever eager to plot her downfall as the reigning favourite, are determined to discover the cause of this illness. The Marchioness confesses the cause to a former lover, the Duc de Choiseul and Prime Minister of France, and he joins the ranks of her enemies. Narcisse is sought out, chiefly through the agency of an actress who loves and pities him, and, ignorant that his lost wife is the Marchioness de Pompadour, he consents to appear before her in a play that shall wring her heart, because he is a prophet of the great French Revolution and hates her politically. This

play-scene is obviously suggestive of the play-scene in "Hamlet." Narcisse has scarcely uttered the first few words of his part before he recognises his wife and she recognises him; they rush into each other's arms, but the moment he discovers who she is he indignantly spurns her, denounces her and the system of vice and luxury of which she is the queen, and sees her die before him. This is a powerful scene, rising to the heights of tragic passion, but it hardly compensates for the five acts that have led up to it. There is another scene or two of equal but more subdued power, in which Narcisse appears as the central figure, but the success of the play depends upon the strength of its climax.

Mr. Bandmann, who has made so favourable an impression in this character, is a German actor, perhaps between forty and fifty years of age, and has appeared successfully in Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, and Pesth, acting in his own language; and in various parts of America, acting in German and in English. He has played Hamlet, Shylock, and a round of so-called legitimate characters, and he has also represented Narcisse with sufficient success to encourage him to transplant it to London. His pronunciation of English is singularly pure for a foreigner, if we except a slight Irish accent which, we believe, he caught from a tutor in America, and his manner is singularly enthusiastic. All that real earnestness and sincerity can do on the stage Mr. Bandmann will probably do, and if he should fail in parts of deep pathos, it will be partly owing to a certain unsympathetic hardness in his voice, and a stiffness of face about the lower jaw. His features are well formed; his eyes are expressive, and his manner is easy. Though not free from nervousness, he never appears to think what the audience are thinking about him, and throws himself into his character with a spirit that is very effective. It would be scarcely fair to pronounce a decided judgment upon him before seeing him in other pieces and other characters, but enough was seen of his capabilities on Monday night last to prove that he is a very striking actor. His style is a little spasmodic—a little founded on the French school of acting, but he has the merit of avoiding the heavy artificiality of the English school.

Mr. E. T. Smith doubtless made a great effort to put "Narcisse" upon the stage with a worthy cast of characters and fittings, and, to a certain extent, he succeeded. That completeness of detail which distinguished Mr. Fechter's management was, of course, not to be expected, or, if expected, was not witnessed; but in its place a fair degree of appropriate splendour was presented, with not many anachronisms. Miss Herbert was specially engaged to play the part of the Pompadour, and strengthen the cast, and she played it with her usual subdued manner. Mr. William Farren was also specially engaged to represent the Comte du Barri; but for a man of presumed refinement and education, his representation was the reverse of courtly, and his pronunciation often horrible. Mr. George Jordan talked to himself and other people impressively and deliberately as the Duc de Choiseul—a very conventional stage-plotting Prime Minister; and Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Basil Potter, and others evidently did their best with other characters, noble or literary. The female part of most prominence in the piece is that of the actress Doris Quinault, represented with grace and well-disciplined force by Miss M. Palmer. Miss Furtado, as the Marquise d'Epinay, earned the distinction of being the prettiest and best-dressed girl or woman on the stage—more we cannot say. The piece, even with the severest condensation, which it has doubtless received by this time, can hardly become popular; but the chief actor, Mr. Bandmann, has a more hopeful career before him.

LITERARY VEAL.

LITERATURE is not what it used to be; neither are literary men. We have abolished Grub-street. Nowadays the smart journalist talks with an easy affability about his '47 port; he has a pretty acquaintance with coachbuilder's bills; his knowledge of swell furniture is vast and profound. Our authors no longer read their fate in the awful countenance of a publisher; the publisher, instead, plants cunning man-traps, and rejoices when he captures young Fortunatus, who can scarcely spare time from his ride in the Row, his dinner at the club, and his stall, to throw off one or two of those sparkling pages of MS. which cause the wheels of his butterfly-life to roll. So bright and beautiful is the existence of the young author that we find gentlemen in all other kinds of employment seduced into more or less covert attempts at literature. The heavy and melancholy person who has been a couple of years a member of a certain club without having spoken to any other member; whose large neck-tie, gorgeous lapels, and hair

parted in the middle are the insignia of his sacred office of *flâneur*; who yawns at creation until dinner-time, dines, and yawns again; even he, all at once, and caring nothing for the shock the intelligence may give you, informs you that he is the author of this or the other brilliant series of papers in this or the other magazine. He is the new type of author. Instead of being a withered, crouching, pitiable, and ragged object, our modern man of letters has the appearance of a pouter pigeon. He has the manners, the dress, and the intellectual forehead of George IV.; and he speaks of his little efforts in literature as a sort of graceful break to the monotony of life—a comic assumption of the teacher's vocation by which neither he nor his reader is humbugged. The teacher's vocation? Our modern Montaigne knows he has nothing to say but what has been said before; enough if he can make people laugh by his pleasant little sketches of his own oddities of feeling and observation.

Hence comes literary veal—an unwholesome food, without a particle of blood in it, indigestible, innutritious, and surprisingly cheap. For although the demand for this sort of immature literature is very great, so is the supply; and it is only by the facility with which the tradesman can fill the market with his wares that he manages to drink nothing less than Beaune to his dinner. At the present moment every stall in the market is stuffed with veal. Three-fourths of the novels published every month are nothing but veal. Veal stares us in the face when we take up a shilling magazine (if it be neither *St. Pauls* nor the *Cornhill*, in which it appears only occasionally); and who takes up a volume of verse without being sure of meeting with veal? We do not at all mean to say that the Grub-street generation of writers supplied nothing but sound and wholesome roast-beef; only that the crowd of fashionable idiots, men and women, who have recently turned authors, have abnormally increased the production of that unsatisfactory kind of food which we call literary veal. The worst feature about literary veal is that it tries to look like beef. No apoplectic swelling of the veins, however, will delude the connoisseur into the belief that this flaccid, limp, colourless substance is in any way easy of digestion; and the most that can be said for it is that it is sometimes not unpleasant to the palate. "A. K. H. B." for instance, is a noted purveyor of veal; and he is one of the best. He has caught a trick in cooking calf's-flesh that makes it look remarkably like roasted ox. But the ordinary veal-seller, whom we meet in magazines and novels, is far behind "A. K. H. B." What he offers us is as nerveless as if the calf had been killed by lightning. The "amateurishness" of a great deal that appears in our magazine-literature is simply astounding; and can only be accounted for on the supposition that there is a large number of people whose immature intellect requires to be nourished by immature food. The amazing commonplaces which are advanced as new philosophical problems; the jokes of ancient lineage which appear in a fresh costume; the old, old methods of producing pathetic scenes; and, worst of all, the heartrending efforts at being funny, are all so much literary veal. But the distinctive mark of the dealer in veal lies in his cynicism. Frank, smart cynicism, with a fresh literary flavour in it, is a very delicious thing; but veal-like cynicism is the most nauseous and fruitless of literary efforts. The helpless echoes of trenchant sayings which are now historical offered us by this amateur cynicism is nothing less than an impertinence. Sentiment in the veal state is scarcely better. Who does not know the melancholy spectacle presented by a big, lubberly boy of fourteen when he falls in love with his cousin, and eats his pudding—for "calf-love" does not interfere with appetite—with manifold and rather vague sighs? Set that interesting young gentleman to write down his experiences of love; ask him to crystallize his woes into the form of a dozen general axioms on the miseries of unrequited affection; and you shall have an excellent specimen of that sentimental veal which in plenty of modern novels passes muster for honest roast-beef. There will be a general feebleness about his generalizations; a want of colour like to that which is produced by inhumanly torturing the calf while alive—the very process he has undergone.

There is one difference between veal and literary veal. The former, had it been permitted its natural growth and development, would have become beef; while the latter is not a stage in any process, but a final result. Length of years does not change the purveyor of literary veal into the purveyor of literary beef. Amateurishness of expression may be cured by experience; but amateurishness of idea, which is the fatal aspect of all veal-literature, is the result of deficiency in mental capacity. A youth of twenty may write sound literature; a man of sixty may turn out the rawest and most flavourless of veal. Poverty of intellect, not youth, is the source which sup-

plies the vast quantities of literary veal which are now offered to us on every hand. One cannot easily decide whether it is an imperious necessity to have some sort of pabulum, or whether it is a false taste on the part of the public which compels it to draw from such a source; but the fact remains that this insipidity, this veal, is eagerly bought, and its vendors handsomely rewarded. Do we not meet with it everywhere, graced with all the adventitious aids of gilding, illustration, and gorgeous binding? Is not Mr. Mudie oppressed by the clamour for it; and do not young ladies of irreproachable manners, themselves in the veal period of life, weep silently over it and love it? The popularity of literary veal is its most marked feature. However unpalatable it may be to some people, it must be easy of digestion to a vast number of others; and they are unquestionably right to pay for that which they can best assimilate. But, in any case, the prevalence of literary veal is not a healthy sign. There must be something wrong with the internal organs of a nation when such heaps of innutritious food are eagerly swallowed. Where shall we look for a tonic to bring about a healthier action of the system? That is a difficult thing to get; for when our literary doctor proposes a vigorous alternative we call him a quack, send him off, and hold by our old ways. In literature, as in physic, the road to wealth and a good position is to let the patient do as he likes, and keep him as comfortable and contented as possible in his own course. Experiments are dangerous; we like our old groove. Tiberius is still a selfish and dissolute tyrant, let Professor Beesly say what he likes; our old way of governing Ireland was the best, and we will have none of Mr. Mill's revolutionary schemes. The renovator is a disturber of peace; and if, in time, men are forced to accept what he preaches, they have their revenge upon him by starving him in the meanwhile. These are considerations for any one who would be foolish enough to begin a crusade against literary veal, or against the popular taste which makes literary veal tolerable.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE House of Commons, as the great Political Club of the nation, has charms for its members which, if outsiders only knew, would double the expenditure at a general election. Every M.P. is, *ex-officio*, a Head Centre of political gossip, and every political event, nay, every political contingency, is discounted on its benches or in its smoking-room. When Parliament reassembled on Thursday week, and the Government met the House of Commons, the Premiership was in commission. Cabinet Councils had been held with somewhat alarming frequency. It had been necessary, it was said, to clear off arrears of business, and to come to a decision upon matters which had stood over too long, in the hope of the Premier's recovery from illness. On Monday the First Minister had a dangerous relapse; Lord Stanley was telegraphed for, and went to Knowsley, and Lord Derby's immediate retirement from public life was said to be enjoined by his physicians, as essential to his recovery from the state of nervous prostration into which he had fallen. Then arose the question—who had the best claim to succeed to the arms of Achilles? A day or two later the bulletins of the patient's health were more hopeful. Lord Derby's colleagues, deeply sensible of the prestige attaching to his name and services, hoped that it might not be necessary for him to resign, after all. All these rumours and speculations, superadded to the proper business of Parliament—the Government Bill for the Prevention of Corrupt Practices, the renewal for another year of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act (Ireland), the Abolition of Church Rates, &c.—have been the subject of much profound, if somewhat unprofitable discussion, especially among the tribe of "Silent Members."

First, there has been the question, how long the State is to go on—or ought to go on—without a Head. Foreign questions of great difficulty and intricacy are said to press for the solemn and responsible decision of the entire Cabinet. The *Alabama* claims, with their tremendous issues, are too important to be decided by the unassisted judgment of the Foreign Minister. The Abyssinian expedition turns out to be more costly than was anticipated. The Eastern question seems to threaten a speedy crisis. Continental diplomacy requires to be most carefully watched. At home there is the smouldering fire of Fenianism. The Government have proposed to renew the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, without being ready to announce a single remedial measure for Ireland. It required a threat from an Irish M.P. that he would divide the House against the Scotch Reform Bill, to induce the Irish Secretary to name a day for the introduction of the Reform Bill for

Ireland. He refused to state the intentions of the Government in regard to the Irish land question, until Mr. Maguire brings on his motion on the state of Ireland. The Scotch Reform Bill fails to satisfy the Scotch Liberals. The Corrupt Practices Prevention Bill has disappointed friends and foes, and will probably be withdrawn. The Church-rates question pressed for a solution, but no meeting of the Cabinet was held to decide the action of the Government, possibly because the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not care to face the stouter Churchmen in the Cabinet in the absence of the controlling authority of the Premier. The consequence was that, as England drifted into the Crimean war, so the Conservative party on Wednesday drifted into Church-rate Abolition. These topics of conversation during the week show at once the importance of the questions which ought to engage the attention of the Cabinet, and the impossibility that the chief of the Cabinet can, with a due regard to the public interests, remain absent from its deliberations for any considerable period of time.

When the rumour reached the House that Lord Derby insisted upon resigning, and that his medical men prescribed rest and repose, the "successor question" was keenly discussed. Only two names were mentioned as having any possible pretensions. They were those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Minister. If the age, services, and party claims of the two Ministers were more equally balanced, the greater number of votes would have been given for the latter. Industry, coolness, prudence, and judgment such as his, accompanied by rank and hereditary claims, eminently qualify him for the highest honours of the State. Lord Stanley would make a safe, if not a brilliant or a popular First Minister. But the party, political, and oratorical claims of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are irresistible. He has led the party ever since Lord George Bentinck's death with boldness, audacity, and a large measure of success. He has from time to time made blunders, but he has known how to retrieve them. He has made himself—at the expense of the House it is true—one of the first debaters in it. He wrote his name last session, for good or for evil, in large characters in the history of his country. And he is more than ever necessary to his party at a moment when no man save himself, on his side of the House, seems to have an idea as to the proper policy of Conservatism in the new House of Commons. It is simply impossible that the Tories can quarrel with Mr. Disraeli at the present juncture; and it would be not merely to quarrel with him, but to inflict a deadly insult upon him, to confer the leadership of the party upon any one else.

The older M.P.'s quote a precedent, applicable to the present moment, from the career of Mr. Canning. When Lord Liverpool became incapacitated by illness, George IV. had the meanness to sound Mr. Canning on a similar subject. Like Mr. Disraeli, he was the leader of the House of Commons, but like him, too, he was a parvenu in the eyes of the Tory aristocracy. So the King, after much beating about the bush, besought Mr. Canning to serve under some nobleman of high rank, and to be content with filling nominally the second post in the Government, but really exercising the power of Prime Minister. Mr. Canning was firm. He regarded himself as the natural and legitimate political heir of the Earl of Liverpool, just as Mr. Disraeli is the natural and legitimate heir of the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Gladstone of Earl Russell. He refused to serve the King except as the head of the Administration; and he carried his point, and formed a Ministry. It is hoped that Mr. Disraeli will show at least equal self-respect. He owes it to his successor in the leadership of the House of Commons, and to all future occupants of that high dignity, to claim for himself the reversion of the loftiest post of the State, just as it was claimed by Mr. Canning. The Liberal party, if I may believe a tithe of what I hear, would not respect Mr. Disraeli half so much as they do, if he consented to serve her Majesty under any other chief than Lord Derby.

But although Lord Stanley's name has been much associated with Mr. Disraeli's in the gossip of St. Stephen's, it should, in justice to Lord Stanley, be stated that no pretensions to succeed his father in the Premiership have been advanced by him. So far as is known, he has been scrupulously loyal and faithful to his leader in the Lower House. Lord Stanley has never sought to outshine his colleague, or to obtain a particle of credit at his expense. He is not the man to intrigue for the leadership or to jockey a colleague. He is known to "bide his time," and he is young enough to await his turn. One would like to believe the rumour, said to emanate from one of the personal friends of the proximate Prime Minister, that Lord Stanley would be the first to deprecate the mention of his name in rivalry or competition with that of Mr. Disraeli for the post of Prime Minister.

The most conclusive rumour of all on this important question

is the assertion that Lord Derby himself regards his Chancellor of the Exchequer as his rightful successor, and that it is his intention, when he resigns his high office into her Majesty's hands, to recommend the Queen to send for Mr. Disraeli. This is decisive of the whole question, for it is one of the undoubted privileges of a Prime Minister on his resignation to name his successor, and there is scarcely an instance in modern annals of a refusal on the part of the Crown to send for the statesman thus nominated. Whether Mr. Disraeli's accession to the highest post to which a subject can aspire would be generally acceptable to the Conservative party, has been much discussed. The bigotry of caste and race ranks high in the list of Tory bigotries; but more significant of our progress in liberality and religious liberty than any Jewish Emancipation Act, would be the spectacle of a man of Hebrew race wielding the power of First Minister of the Crown in Great Britain. So far as can be ascertained, the Conservatives would offer no opposition to Mr. Disraeli as Lord Derby's successor.

It is, however, hoped that there is no immediate occasion for Lord Derby's resignation. On Tuesday it was said that the invalid had experienced such a violent attack of sickness that Lady Derby and Mr. Frederick Stanley, her second son, became frightened, and telegraphed for Lord Stanley to come down to Knowsley. It was added that the Premier was irrevocably bent on resigning, and that his colleagues had begun to realize the necessity of the step. On Wednesday and Thursday a change set in, symptoms of improvement were manifested, and Lord Derby's convalescence is now looked for in a week or two. The Ministry then, it was said, became urgent in their recommendations to Lord Stanley to dissuade his father from forwarding his resignation to Windsor. There would be little or nothing, it was alleged, to call for Lord Derby's presence in the House of Lords until Easter. The Scotch Reform Bill may and will be amended to suit the views of the Scotch Liberal members. Mr. Gladstone's Church-rate Bill must be accepted even by the bishops as the best compromise the Church can obtain. The legislative business of the Commons is safe in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's hands. The public, who regard Lord Derby's character and accomplishments with so much admiration, and his sufferings with so much sympathy, would desire that he should retain office as long as his sense of public duty will permit. The result is that, unless the distinguished patient should have another relapse, some few days will probably elapse before any decisive step is taken. It is even possible, although at present exceedingly improbable, that Lord Derby may remain at the head of the Government throughout the present session, leaving the necessary Ministerial changes to be made in the leisure of the recess.

Mr. Lowe, in one of his speeches against the Reform Bill of 1867, prophesied that our political path would be strewn with the skeletons of extinct parties and questions. The prediction is already in course of fulfilment. Conservative statesmen seem to wish to clear away from their path the stock questions of an obstructive and anti-reforming policy, which would be out of place and inconvenient in a reformed Parliament. Church rates used to be the great event of our ecclesiastical Wednesdays. The House, on the second reading of a Church-rate Bill, rang with cheers and counter-cheers. We had narrow majorities, first on one side and then on the other; and we once saw the Speaker's wig thrown into the scale to turn the balance on an equal division. But the world has gone on; a democratic Reform Bill has been passed; and the Conservatives, having retired from one great citadel and line of defence, on Wednesday gave up one of their principal outposts.

The scene was of some historical importance, although the House was not crowded. The old passion and heat had passed away. In former years the Strangers' Gallery, the Members' Gallery, and visitors' seats below the bar would have been thronged with clergymen and Dissenting ministers in white neckties, whose faces would have flushed and whose eyes would have sparkled in sympathy with the excitement below. On Wednesday the House was calm and business-like, and the speakers were for the most part conciliatory. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was absent—not without diplomatic reasons. Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of his Compulsory Church-rates Abolition Bill, abolishing all legal proceedings for the recovery of Church-rates, but permitting a voluntary assessment or subscription. He intimated that if he failed he should offer no opposition to Mr. Harcastle's Bill for total and unconditional abolition. The speech of the day was made by Lord Cranborne, who, rising from the front seat below the Ministerial gangway, declared that there was no use in pursuing this agitation further. He formally refused to fight under the "No Surrender" flag any longer, caustically adding, with a

glance at the Treasury Bench, that he for one would no longer unite with a political party in "pursuing for many years a steady obstruction, and then giving way to an unreasonable panic." Lord Cranborne's speech decided the Conservative benches. Mr. Hubbard, who had a Church-rate Bill of his own, withdrew it. Mr. Hardcastle, who has adopted Sir J. Trelawny's Abolition Bill, consented to accept Mr. Gladstone's Bill as a compromise. It thereupon devolved upon Mr. Hardy, the representative of the University which rejected Mr. Gladstone for his Liberal opinions, to announce that his colleagues had had no opportunity of considering the subject, but that he, on his own and on their part, would offer no objection to the second reading! Only, of course, the clauses would require the most careful consideration in Committee. The Bill was read a second time, and we adjourned with a full and entire conviction that Parliament will in this present session abolish for ever the compulsory payment of Church rates in all cases in which they are now levied at the will and by the vote of a vestry.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. THORNTON, our new Minister at Washington, has been cordially received by President Johnson, who capped his assurance of the Queen's friendship towards the United States by saying that her Majesty, more than any other sovereign, enjoyed the respect and the sympathy of the American people. The President added that her Majesty's kind message encouraged him to hope for a speedy adjustment of the existing differences between the two Governments. It appears that these differences are now, in anticipation of the Presidential election, to be pressed. The President has permitted his private secretary to send a despatch to Philadelphia which states that:—"All negotiations for a settlement of the *Alabama* claims having been closed by correspondence between our Government and that of Great Britain, the matter stands as though nothing had been done by either Government as tending to an adjustment. There is authority for saying that these claims will at once be pushed to a finality with vigour, and that the Government will demand immediate reparation for the wrongs suffered by our citizens at the hands of the *Alabama* and other vessels fitted out in England under like circumstances during the rebellion."

PRESIDENT and Congress are equally bidding for popularity by working on the prejudice against England, and reports have been current of a threatened rupture with Great Britain. But however useful these tactics may be for the creation of political capital, the Americans would be quite as loth as ourselves to appeal to hostilities for the settlement of our differences. The *New York Times*, in a sensible article upon this subject, says that the noteworthy fact of the hour is not that so many causes of estrangement and embitterment exist, but that, springing up all at once, and re-enforcing each other as they do, all combined have not hitherto disturbed our friendly intercourse. It admits that the causes of quarrel are grave, but so long as there is a disposition on both sides of the Atlantic to bear and forbear, they admit of adjustment. "Pacific would be, it is felt, honourable to both countries; warlike, the proof of weakness." If any one doubts the existence of stable common sense in America, let him look around him. "We are selling our surplus navy, not augmenting it; reducing instead of recruiting our army; adjusting our finances to a 'peace basis.' In private life we find no business stopped for fear of war, and no personal affairs arranged with reference to it. The truth is, that we cannot bring our minds to believe that diplomats could so blunder as to lead the two nations into war, nor that England, with her present surroundings, will be so foolhardy as to close the door to peace." The *New York Times* is equally hopeful with regard to the good feeling of England, and not unadvisedly.

COUNT OTTAVIO DI REVEL, one of Charles Albert's Ministers in 1848, and a firm adherent of the Constitution of that date, has died from a stroke of apoplexy. Though his dislike of precipitate action made him hold aloof from the adventurous policy of Count Cavour, it would be incorrect to attribute to his views a reactionary character. He aimed at progress, but not as Cavour aimed at it; nor would he have consented to the secret compact for the cession of Nice and Savoy, a bargain which he regarded with invincible repugnance. Of late years Count di Revel occupied himself mainly with the local affairs of his native province, Piedmont; and it was when he was coming out of the offices of the Turin Savings Bank, in whose

working he was concerned from its commencement, that he was struck by apoplexy.

We see it stated, with regard to some of the Liberal members of the Corps Législatif, that when M. Thiers makes a great speech he passes the greater part of the night in the *Moniteur* office revising the proof-sheets of the report with the greatest care, and drinking chocolate meanwhile. M. Berryer commits his speeches to the mercy of the shorthand writers and the "readers." Being asked, after his speech on the Press Bill on Friday week, whether he would not like to revise the proofs, he said, "I read over a speech that I have spoken? that would be like taking soup after coffee." Another statement respecting the same speech is equally characteristic of the great advocate. "Whilst M. Berryer," says the *Courrier Français*, "was speaking on one of the amendments to the Press Bill, a member cried out, 'This is shameful; it is dastardly.' M. Berryer, turning round, asked, 'Who uses the word "dastardly"?' M. Granier (de Cassagnac) rising, 'It is I.' Upon this M. Berryer, with one of those gestures of sovereign contempt which he knows so well how to employ, and in a tone of voice which made his hearers quiver, ejaculated, 'Oh, then, it is nothing.'"

THE Paris Exhibition building, which so lately housed not only the art products of the world but its principal potentates, and which cost eleven millions of francs, has been sold for one million ten thousand. The Emperor would willingly have allowed it to stand, but Marshal Niel wanted the ground for the reviewing of troops, and the building is to be taken down.

ENGLISH juries can seldom be charged with undue haste in their deliberations, and when we find a special jury of the city of London, after an absence of twenty minutes, returning a verdict of £35,000 in an action which involved charges of false and fraudulent representation, we are entitled to assume that the case presented to them must have been rather a clear one. The case was this. In 1860 a joint-stock company was formed, with a name wide enough to cover a very large field of trade. It was called the London and Colonial Company, Limited, and notwithstanding its extensive title, apparently came into existence for the mere purpose of buying up the brewery business and plant of Mr. Robert Tooth, who carried on his trade at Woolwich and Burton-on-Trent. The company having been formed and the purchase made, a Mr. Elworthy, who was an experienced wool-stapler, but knew nothing of beer, was appointed manager, at £1,000 a year. This gentleman seems to have been so satisfied of the soundness of the company's business that he invested £10,000 of his own money in it, and began a system of management which, to say the least of it, was very peculiar. The beer seems to have been principally exported to agents abroad, by whom it was sold at a steady and regular loss. This fact, however, was not among those that appeared in the balance-sheet of the company, which showed, not the sum that the beer realized, but the price at which it was invoiced. The effect of this will be seen when we mention that in the balance-sheet of 1865 the sum of £207,000 appeared in the assets as the value of beer consigned to agents abroad, whilst this very beer when sold brought only £95,000. We are not surprised to hear that during the time the company managed to carry on their trade upon this system a dividend of 12½ per cent. per annum was regularly declared and paid. In 1865 the company issued a circular, stating that it was in a most flourishing condition, that it paid regularly 12½ per cent., that it had an accumulation of £80,281, and that its past profits were a guarantee of its future success. At the time of the issue of this circular, Mr. Elworthy, the manager, secured himself, by settling on his wife and family a reversionary interest of the value of £20,000. Upon the faith of the circular, and on the private assurances of Mr. Elworthy as to its truth, Mr. Crossley, of Halifax, took shares to the extent of £25,000 in the company, and advanced to Mr. Elworthy £5,000 more on some pretended debentures of the company. As might be expected, Mr. Crossley's suspicions were soon awakened. He found the company thoroughly rotten, and felt himself obliged to institute proceedings in Chancery to have it wound up, under which he paid £10,000 as a contributory. To recover the £35,000 which he thus paid, on the advice and representations of Mr. Elworthy, he brought his action against that gentleman, and the jury, as we have stated, almost at once gave him a verdict for the full amount. If even a tithe of those who have been swindled and ruined by the fraud and misrepresentations of the promoters, managers,

and officials of the many companies which are established for the mere purpose of duping shareholders, were to follow Mr. Crossley's example, although they might not get profitable verdicts, they would do much to clear the commercial atmosphere, and to put English credit upon a somewhat firmer basis than it has now.

THE Lord Chancellor on Wednesday morning gave judgment on the appeal of the Metropolitan Railway Company against the injunction recently granted by Vice-Chancellor Wood, at the instance of Mr. Bloxam, a holder of Tower-hill Extension stock. This restrains the company from declaring or paying dividend otherwise than out of their earnings. His Lordship remarked that the questions to be ultimately decided were three—first, whether the office expenses and the directors' fees were properly charged, one moiety to capital and the other to revenue account; secondly, whether the interest upon the debentures ought to be charged to capital instead of revenue; and thirdly, whether the dividends paid to the holders of Tower-hill Extension stock ought to come out of money paid by Messrs. Kelk, the contractors, as interest in lieu of penalties for non-fulfilment of contract. His Lordship indicated some divergence of opinion from that expressed by the Vice-Chancellor, whose opinion was that no part of the debenture interest could properly be charged to capital account; and indicated that the question was not so free from doubt as his Honour supposed. Upon the third question to be determined, the payment of dividend to the Extension shareholders from the money arising out of agreement with the contractors, involving a sum of £57,000, which has been treated as available for dividend, his Lordship remarked, "It is asserted that those moneys were in lieu of penalties which would have been incurred for non-completion of the Tower-hill Extension, or, in other words, that they were purchase-money paid by the contractor for the benefit of delay. If those moneys were not afterwards to be refunded by the company, no objection could be raised to the payment of dividends out of them; but the charge of the plaintiff was, that the dividends so paid had been paid out of the money that would have to be refunded. It was obvious that that transaction formed another very material question in the cause. His Lordship concluded by saying that however much he regretted the dividend being withheld from the shareholders by the injunction of Vice-Chancellor Wood, he felt bound to confirm it. Many members of the Stock Exchange attended to hear the decision, which created great interest; and as soon as the news reached the City, the stock fell $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but was subsequently followed by a rally of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on the precise grounds of the Chancellor's decision being known. It is not improbable that the case will be carried to the House of Lords, and it therefore seems likely to afford occupation to the courts for some time to come. Obstinate litigation will do more to depress the value of railway stock than even railway jobbing, for it is a disease for which there is no remedy in this country.

THE annual report of the Peabody Trustees shows that by rents and interest the original fund of £150,000 has been increased to £170,000. The total population in all the buildings erected by the trustees is 1,583; "the sanitary condition of the dwellings continues highly satisfactory, and the houses, well ventilated, open to free air, and kept with scrupulous cleanliness, appear to secure exemption from diseases incident to crowded localities." What some of those diseases are we may learn from the latest report of Dr. Whitmore, medical officer of health for Marylebone. He says that the diseases most fatal in that borough during the last five weeks were those of the respiratory organs, and he attributes this excessive mortality to the vitiated atmosphere of the dirty, crowded, and ill-ventilated rooms inhabited by the poor. "By long exposure to wet and cold," he writes, "the poor ill-clothed, ill-fed person is tolerably certain to catch cold, it may in the first instance be simply an attack of catarrh, accompanied with some bronchial irritation, which a little nursing in a cleanly and well-ventilated room of a warm and agreeable temperature would speedily cure; but because in such cases nursing is out of the question, and because the foul air which pervades the over-crowded dwellings of the poor and destitute acts as an irritant to the lungs and air passages of persons so affected, it is not to be wondered that the more formidable symptoms of bronchitis and pneumonia do in so many instances speedily manifest themselves."

THE graceful and modest Miss Menken appeared as the defendant in an action in the Court of Queen's Bench at the

Guildhall on Monday, and presenting herself as she did in clothing and out of character, attracted rather a large audience to the court. The lady's appearance in this new part was caused by an action brought against her by a firm of coach-builders who had supplied her with a carriage of rather a loud pattern. It had a circular front, and side-lights in the quarters; handsome curtains decorated with silk fringe and tassels, and handsome silver-plated lamps, chased in parts, surmounted with a demi-horse rampant, in silver. The panels were bordered round with foliage ornaments in gilding; the wheels were picked out in gold and white foliage, with bands of white and gold round the felloes and naves; the handles were silver chased to correspond. Miss Menken's monogram and crest, a demi-horse rampant, were on the panels, and round the roof was a very handsome silver chased ornament of foliage with a demi-horse rampant at each corner. There were also silver-plated nails on the wheels, and inside were two cigar-pockets. The carriage was accompanied by a set of very handsome double harness, elaborately ornamented in silver, with the crest, the demi-horse rampant, placed wherever room could be found for it. There were also two sets of bells for the horses—a silver set for day-time and a commoner set for night, and a set of horse-clothing bordered round with scarlet, with the initials in the corners. Among the grounds of defence upon which Miss Menken resisted the claim, one was that the carriage let in the rain, and that her dresses were spoilt. It is easy to imagine that the rain did come in, but how Miss Menken's dresses could have been spoilt is somewhat difficult to realize.

SATURDAY last witnessed the opening of that portion of the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace which has been lately rebuilt by the Hamiltons Windsor Iron Works, of Liverpool. The occasion was a show of birds, which continued during the present week. The building is very far from being restored to its original proportions. It is for the present terminated by a splendid screen of glass, iron, and woodwork at the north end of the nave, from whence the north transept formerly sprung. The principal part of the basin of the great northern fountain lies in ruins outside the screen, while that part inside the building has been restored. The beautiful design of the fountain, with its surroundings of cool mosses and ferns, forms the most pleasing object in the new building. In great contrast to it is the "magnificent" refreshment buffet all ablaze with gilt and glass, and fresh from the Paris Exposition. The substantial and well-finished work in the new department reflects the highest credit on the contractors, who have evidently seconded the efforts of the Engineer to the Palace Company in his determination, by the employment of the best work, to reduce the ruinous cost of "keeping" up the building.

THE Judges have protested against having the trial of election petitions put upon them. To have anything to do with political matters directly, they conceive would be detrimental to their character for impartiality in the occasional cases in which such matters are involved indirectly. Besides, they have already more than they can do, and the proposed addition to their duties is impracticable and impossible. Under these circumstances, the Bill for amending the law relating to election petitions has been itself amended; and the Government propose to create a new court for the trial of such petitions, consisting of three members, with salaries of £2,000 a year, to which will also be referred appeals from the revising barristers. Strange to say, Mr. Bright fought strongly against this transfer of jurisdiction from the House of Commons to a court of law, though few things can be clearer than the fact that the trial of election petitions by committees of the House has been, as far as truth and justice are concerned, a failure. We regret that the Judges have expressed so strong a repugnance to duties which they would have discharged so ably, and, as we believe, without any loss of dignity. But their wish in such a matter is entitled to the highest respect, and any jurisdiction for the trial of election petitions is preferable to that by which they have been hitherto decided.

We learn from the *Melbourne Argus* that an attempt has been made to open up a direct trade from Melbourne to Japan. The French barque *St. Bernard*, which cleared out at the custom-house on the 26th December, is, we believe, the first vessel which has left Hobson's Bay for a Japanese port. She was chartered solely by Mr. Tallerman, an importer of high standing in Melbourne. More than half her cargo consisted of colonial produce, in which were included about one hundred tons of beef and mutton, preserved in various ways; wines,

clothing, and firearms were also shipped among other imports. There can be no doubt of the advantages to Australia likely to flow from this new trade, and the commercial classes of Melbourne are watching the results with lively interest.

MR. JOHN SCOTT writes to the *Times* concerning a grievance to which we have more than once drawn attention in the columns of this paper. Mr. Scott complains of the absurd practice of closing the libraries of the Inns of Court just at those hours from which they would begin to be available by barristers who have no libraries of their own. The Middle Temple library closes with daylight in winter and at five in summer. But up to these hours the barrister, occupied or unoccupied, is necessarily absent, in his chambers or at Westminster. It is in the evening he has time to study, or requires to consult reports or text-books. But just when he wants the use of such books the library closes. Wiser in their generation, the Incorporated Law Society open their library in the evening as well as during the day; "and it will hardly be urged," as Mr. Scott observes, "that books are more necessary to attorneys than to barristers."

It appears from Sir Stafford Northcote's reply to Mr. Fawcett that Government knows nothing of the independent advance into Abyssinia of the Egyptian troops. Recent communications from the commander of the British force stated that there were movements of Egyptian troops at Massowah, which appeared to indicate a disposition on the part of the Egyptian authorities to send troops into Abyssinia. Upon this the Foreign Office represented to the Viceroy that such a movement would be misunderstood, and requested that his Highness would countermand any orders that had been given to make it. The Viceroy replied that reinforcements, the amount of which had been very much exaggerated, had been sent to Massowah, but that he would order a battalion to be recalled. Moreover, since the date of the reported advance, Sir Stafford Northcote has received telegrams from Sir R. Napier and Colonel Merewether which make no mention of it. It is also consolatory to learn that telegrams received by the Government since the report that Theodore had reached Magdala are silent on that point also, though it seems that, though not there, he is not far off.

LORD AIRLIE asks what has been done to supply those floating batteries for the defence of our harbours and coasts which the Defence Commission of 1860 recommended so strongly? and Lord Longford replies—Nothing. The Committee recommended that one million out of the twelve which were to be expended on fortifications should be applied to the construction of floating batteries. But the twelve millions were practically reduced to seven, and the provision for the batteries disappeared altogether. It was hoped, says Lord Longford, that these vessels would be built out of savings in the annual Navy estimates. They must have been very sanguine people who indulged such an expectation as the saving of money by the Admiralty. Now he thinks it is hopeless to look for such vessels, unless Parliament makes a specific appropriation of money for the purpose. But there is no doubt the Admiralty might save, if it would. Is it not time to overhaul this department of the public service?

SOME young women applied to Mr. Mansfield, at the Marylebone Police Court, for a summons against a man who, they said, had obtained money from them under false pretences. He had advertised in the *Clerkenwell News* for young women who wanted to learn "a light and genteel business," by which, after ten days' instruction, they would be able to earn thirty-five shillings a week. His charge was five shillings, and twenty-six young women fell into the trap, paid their money, and found that they had been swindled. One who was put forward as spokeswoman by the rest, produced a piece of glass, on which was painted the words—"In Memoriam. Died 2nd July, 1799," and said that the man gave them a little wooden stand and a small brush, and then, for about ten minutes, told them how to paint the letters. But the magistrate, at the same time that he blamed them for their indiscretion in parting with their money, said, "It was evident they had had something for their five shillings." We should like to know what Mr. Mansfield would think of such law if the case were his own.

We are promised the publication of Mr. Cobden's letters on public questions, to be arranged by his widow, commencing

with those upon national education; and Mrs. Cobden appeals to any of her late husband's friends for the loan of such of his letters as may be suitable for such a collection. It is stated that Lord Lytton has entirely recovered his hearing, under the treatment of some doctor at Paris. Mr. Charles Dickens was cordially received at the Executive mansion by President Johnson, on the 7th inst. The period which Talleyrand stipulated should elapse before the publication of his memoirs will expire on the 17th of May next. It seems to be finally settled that the rival operatic interests long represented at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, are to be merged into one, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, who is said to be backed by powerful influence.

GREAT efforts have been making for some time past to diminish the labour of bankers' clerks, by deferring the opening of London banks for public business till ten instead of nine a.m. But it appears from a letter in reply to a memorial on the subject, just received from the bankers' clearing-house, that these attempts have failed. Sir John Lubbock, as Chairman of the Committee, states, as a reason for not acceding to the request, that it is not desirable to throw back the general work of the day; stating, at the same time, that as the hour from nine till ten is not occupied with counter-work, the mere opening of the doors an hour later could make very little difference.

IT has been rumoured that, in consequence of the death of the Hon. Mr. Gordon, who rowed No. 4 in the Cambridge boat last year, the Cambridge University Boat Club withdrew its challenge to Oxford. With the view of supplying Oxford with an antagonist, Cambridge, United States, is said to have been willing to take the place of our English Cambridge, on condition that the race should be made over a straight three-mile course, and that the Americans were allowed to row without a coxswain. Mr. Willan, on the part of Oxford, objected that a straight three-mile course cannot be found in England. Mr. R. C. Watson replied, suggesting Windermere, adding, "I should think that you would be willing to go a few miles, when we are willing to go so many." We are glad to learn however, that at a meeting of the Cambridge University Boat Club, on Thursday, it was decided by a large majority not to withdraw from the contest, and that the Thames is once more to witness the friendly struggle between the light and the dark blues.

"MR. DICKENS," says a Philadelphia letter, "is coining money, though, like every one else here, he is suffering the penalty, and will have to pay a heavy tax—probably \$20,000—to the Inland Revenue collectors on the money given to hear his readings. He constantly receives the most polite attentions from the American people. In Philadelphia the Mayor tendered him the hospitalities of the city, but he has made it a rule to decline all proffered hospitalities, though they have been made on every side. He walks about all the places he visits, and says of the American cities that he could never have recognised them from his recollections of their appearance at the time of his former visit to this country. In Philadelphia he has taken great interest in the thousands of small but neat houses which are the homes of the working people; and his visit to the *Public Ledger* building in this city was commemorated by Mr. Childs, the proprietor, by christening a large new Hoe printing machine, first put in motion in Mr. Dickens presence, the 'Dickens Press.'"

WE are to have a struggle for our custom between "reasonable West-end grocers" and the co-operative societies. The grocers have offered concessions. They will sell as cheap as the societies if customers will pay ready money, and carry home their purchases themselves, or pay the cost of their delivery. But Earl Ducie, on behalf of the Commercial Co-operative Society, 23, Rood-lane, announces that, as "it delivers its goods free, wherever the London Parcels Delivery carts go, it is not probable that its customers will be tempted" by the offer of the reasonable grocers. We like this. It proves, at all events, that the cost of delivery is no excuse for the excessive charges of the grocers.

WE had expected something better from the author of "Caste" than the comedy which was produced last Saturday at the Prince of Wales's. Not that it is deficient in meritorious portions fully worthy of Mr. Robertson; but, as a whole, it is inferior to his previous efforts at this theatre. Indulging his

hobby for monosyllabic titles, he calls his latest effort "Play." But the title has really nothing to do with the story, and the scene which is its only justification has not much more. Mr. Robertson has to pay the penalty of all writers who have been greatly successful, in being compared with himself. "Play" is a satisfactory production, and, as it is well acted and tastefully put upon the stage, it will doubtless fill the theatre for some time. But having the misfortune to come after a comedy so beautifully compact as "Caste," its shortcomings are the more conspicuous.

LORD DERBY's alarming illness has been the occasion of universal anxiety during the week, and of universal regret. Though he has not been upon the popular side of politics, his personal popularity has been undoubted, and even political opponents have forgotten the Conservative chief in the accomplished debater, the man of letters, and the lover and patron of English sports. The latest bulletins are favourable; but it is scarcely probable that Lord Derby will be able to resume the official responsibilities which, he has told us, he undertook for a third time, with so much reluctance.

WHATEVER else the present Parliament may deem it expedient to postpone, it will be impossible to delay some solution of the difficulty attending our present system of sewage. The evil is a gigantic one, and is daily assuming larger proportions. What we have effected by the enormous expenditure of money, and for which the public are now being heavily taxed, is to establish two outfalls, one on either bank of the Thames, each of which is constantly turning into the river a quantity of solid matter, and this is rapidly forming false banks, and has already narrowed the channel of the stream. There ought to be some steps taken at once to remedy this mischief.

THE Government are building a large floating dock, which is to be established in Bermuda. It is in course of construction on the Thames, and already towers high above the surrounding buildings. This huge mass is to be towed out to Bermuda by Government steamers, and at Government risk. It will be a work of considerable difficulty, and the chances of its reaching Bermuda in working order are not many.

MEN OF MARK.

No. XIII.

LAMARTINE.

THERE is a general prejudice against poets entering into political life, and nowhere is that prejudice stronger than in France, and yet, strange to say, the two greatest French poets of the present century have for a time at least made themselves conspicuous on the political stage. It must be admitted that these two instances rather tend to justify the prejudice to which we have alluded than otherwise. We have recently traced the history of one of these poets (Victor Hugo), and shown that his political career was a mistake; we now propose to record the principal details of the life of the other (Lamartine), and shall have little difficulty in proving that it would have been more stainless if he had not renounced poetry for politics.

Alphonse de Prat de Lamartine (who, we may here mention, bore the name of De Prat alone during the first part of his life, and afterwards adopted that of Lamartine on the death of a maternal uncle, who left him a large property), was born at Mâcon, on the 21st October, 1790. He is descended from an ancient and noble family; his grandfather had served long in the armies of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze, and had received the Cross of St. Louis at the battle of Fontenoy. The poet's father was the youngest son of this distinguished officer; and having little beyond the pay of a cavalry officer on which to live, he had attained the mature age of forty before he married Mdlle. des Roys, a young lady whose father and mother both held important posts in the household of the Duke of Orleans. Alphonse was the eldest of eight children who sprung from this marriage. At the time of his birth his father was in prison—a calamity which twice befel him during the stormy days of the Revolution, on account of the loyalty which he displayed towards the unfortunate Louis XVI. Eventually, after having encountered many dangers, he was set free on the 9th termidor (27th July, 1794), and retired to his country residence at Milly, where he lived in retirement till his death, at the advanced age of ninety. At Milly the poet passed the first twelve years of his life; his only teacher was his gifted

and excellent mother, who taught him to read in an old illustrated Bible, rewarding him with the sight of a picture when he had overcome the difficulties of a chapter. To his fond mother's teaching he is indebted for that Christian spirit which illuminated his early poems, and made them shine out as a light amid the darkness of the unbelief and scepticism which overshadowed France during the period of the First Empire. What a happy childhood was Lamartine's! In the poet's own eloquent narrative of it, we seem to be listening to a description of the *beau ideal* of childhood. "I was ten years of age," says he, "before I knew what it was to have a bitterness of heart, an annoyance of mind, or to receive a severe look from a human countenance." Doubtful preparation for the battle of life! But this happy home-life could not last for ever. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school at Lyons, from which he was soon removed to the college of Belley, on the frontiers of Savoy, a school which was directed by the Jesuits, and had at that time a great reputation not only in France, but throughout Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. The religious education which he there received tended to confirm the effect of his mother's teaching; he made rapid progress in his studies, and even at that early period gave some proofs of poetical talent. When he had completed his sixteenth year he left Belley and returned to Milly, where, however, he did not long remain, the discovery of a clandestine love-affair of his having induced his father to send him off at once to Paris to finish his education. After a year or two spent in this manner, he accompanied one of his relatives to Italy in 1810, and in the course of the following year we find him again in Paris, and beginning to make literary efforts; he then made the acquaintance of the celebrated actor, Talma, with whom he appears to have become a great favourite, as we are told that the great actor allowed the young poet to read to him some of his dramatic attempts. During this residence at Paris, Lamartine began to experience the inconveniences of poverty, his parents not being rich enough to supply his extravagant demands. It was about this time that he inherited a considerable property from a maternal uncle. His improved circumstances unfortunately led him into a life of dissipation, which he has since frequently lamented: his excesses resulted in a dangerous illness, to recover from which his relatives sent him to Naples. On his recovery he spent some time in the island of Procida, where he met and became enamoured of the fisher-maiden, Graziella. Those who have read Lamartine's "Harmonies" can never forget the charming verses with which this young girl's untimely end inspired him, with their touching refrain—

"Elle avait seize ans! c'est bien tôt pour mourir."

In 1814, on the first fall of Napoleon, Lamartine returned to Paris and entered the military household of Louis XVIII. After the "Cent Jours," however, he left the service, and did not enter it again. The next few years he appears to have spent principally at Paris, where he became attached to a young lady whom he has celebrated in his poems under the name of Elvire—the Laura of this French Petrarch. The love-songs and other reflective lyrics, afterwards published in a collected form under the title of "Méditations Poétiques," were the work of this period. The poet was quite aware of the merit of these lyrics (at no time was he wanting in self-appreciation), and fondly hoped, by the proceeds of their publication, to satisfy some pressing creditors; but a few visits to the publishers convinced him that this was not so easy a matter as he had expected; at length, after many a disappointment, he induced a publisher of the name of Nicolle to take his book, and in the year 1823 the "Méditations Poétiques" were published. These poems had a prodigious success, appearing, as they did, at a time when it was thought that true poetry had died out, their ideal and religious strains contrasting strongly with the materialism and scepticism of the so-called poets of the period, they afforded great immediate satisfaction, and awakened hope for the future. The surpassing sweetness of the rhythm, the grace and elegance of the language, the purity of sentiment, and the strength of Christian faith, to the existence of which they bore witness, aroused the admiration of all and the gratitude of many. Of that one of the "Méditations" which is entitled "Ode à Byron," Châteaubriand generously observed that it alone was worth more than his "Génie du Christianisme," and Goethe gladly hailed the author as the only living French poet; while the adventurous Nicolle had cause to rejoice in his speculation, as within four years he sold no less than 45,000 copies of the book. The success of the "Méditations" gained the poet many illustrious friends, who introduced him into diplomatic life. He was first sent as an attaché to the French embassy at Florence, and then, after a few months' residence in London as secretary of the Embassy,

he was sent back again to the Tuscan capital in the same capacity. During his second diplomatic residence at Florence he married a young English lady, who brought him a considerable fortune, and with whom he lived on the most affectionate terms down to her death, two years ago.

In the year 1823 appeared the "Nouvelles Méditations Poétiques," which were quite worthy of their predecessors, though they were rather more fragmentary. This volume of lyrics was followed in the course of the same year by a didactic poem, entitled "La Mort de Socrate," and "Le Chant du Sacré," an ode on the coronation of Charles X., which were both worthy of the author's reputation. After the death of our poet Byron, it occurred to Lamartine to make the dangerous attempt to complete "Childe Harold," and in the course of the year 1825 the result appeared under the title of "Le Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold;" though this poem has great merit, yet even the poet's most ardent admirers were compelled to admit that he failed to attain to the impetuous flow of Byron's verse. The uncomplimentary manner in which he spoke of Italy in this poem, however, aroused the wrath of one Colonel Pépé, an officer in the army of the King of Naples, and the colonel threatened the poet with a challenge unless he consented to remove the obnoxious verses from his poem. The poet replied that he was not to be influenced by threats, and in the duel which thereupon ensued he was severely wounded.

On the 1st April, 1830, Lamartine entered the Academy, and in his speech on that occasion gave signs of the oratorical ability which he was destined afterwards to display so brilliantly during his short political career. A few weeks later he increased his poetical fame considerably by the publication of two volumes of lyrics, entitled "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses." About this time, Lamartine, who had long wished to visit Greece, obtained from the King the appointment of Ambassador to that country, but Charles X.'s fall took place before he had set out, and though the new king offered him the same post, he thought himself in loyalty bound to decline it. So ended the poet's diplomatic career.

To Lamartine his own fame as a poet appeared slight in comparison with the political glory of such men as Guizot, and an intense desire for distinction in politics took possession of our poet. A vacancy then occurring in the representation of Dunkirk and Toulon, he offered himself as a candidate for both these towns; the electors, however, were in both instances unwilling to intrust their representation to a poet, and to soothe the chagrin caused by his rejection, he resolved to make a journey to the East, which he had long contemplated. Accordingly, in June, 1832, having chartered a vessel, he set sail, accompanied by his wife and daughter; after having visited Greece, and left his wife and daughter at Beyrouth, he himself went on with a few friends to Jerusalem. On his return to Beyrouth, he was grieved to find his daughter suffering from a dangerous illness, which resulted in her death. This sad event caused him at once to return to France. During his absence the canvassing of his friends had been successful, and he had been elected deputy for Bergues by the Legitimist party. On the 4th January, 1834, he made his first Parliamentary speech, and the eloquence which he displayed proved that he would be a great acquisition to whatever party he should join; but it soon became evident that he would join no party, and for many years he maintained his peculiar political position, independent of all parties, and speaking chiefly on social questions.

The chief fruit of Lamartine's visit to the East was one of the most delightful books of travel which has ever been written. It appeared in 1835, in four volumes, under the straggling title of "Les Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en Orient; ou, Notes d'un Voyageur." The graceful diction and calm thoughtfulness of this work cause the reader to return to it with pleasure again and again; but we fear that the charge of want of truthfulness which it has incurred is not without foundation, and that the imaginative author has too frequently substituted fiction for fact. In the following year Lamartine's most famous poem, "Jocelyn," was published, and attracted a great deal of attention. Though we must admit that this poem is drawn out to too great length, considering the meagreness of the subject-matter, and that the excessively long periods to which the poet had already shown a tendency in the "Harmonies," are here indulged in to still greater excess; yet the rare beauty of single passages, the endless charms of the rhythm, and the surpassing gracefulness of the language make us disposed to look lightly on those grave failings. His next poetical work was an epic sketch entitled "La Chute d'un Ange," which appeared in 1838, and with its striking beauties and startling faults excited a great deal of favourable and adverse criticism. In the following year Lamartine's last great

poetical work was published under the title of "Les Recueilllements Poétiques," with a remarkable preface on the then position of poetry in France. This collection is replete with similar faults to those to which we have alluded in speaking of the poet's later works, while we are pained to observe Socialism replace Christian faith as the animating power. The "Recueilllements" have been well characterized as a feeble echo of the "Harmonies."

Soon after Lamartine's entrance into political life, the Chamber was dissolved, and in the ensuing elections he was returned by Bergues and Mâcon; he decided in favour of his native town, and, being re-elected in 1837, he continued to represent that town till 1848. After having distinguished himself for some years as an independent member of the Chamber, he aspired, in 1841, to become the President. Being opposed in this by the Government, he then abandoned his independent tactics, and endeavoured to gain for himself a prominent position in the ranks of the Opposition; and some years later, on the death of the Duke of Orleans, when there was a contest on the Regency question, he opposed the Government, and contended in favour of the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, with the hope, it is said, of becoming Prime Minister in case her son should come to the throne during his minority. Shortly before this, he had published his famous "Histoire des Girondins"—a work in which he shed all the charms of romance over the terrible scenes of the Revolution, and is reproached with having gilded the guillotine. The admiration which this romantic narrative created for the revolutionists of 1789 did much to prepare for the Revolution of 1848. We cannot but regard the writing of the "Girondins" as a most culpable political act. After the flight of Louis Philippe, when, on the 23rd of February, 1848, the Duchess of Orleans entered the Chamber with her two young sons, Lamartine had it in his power, by a word, to put the Regent's Crown on the head of the Duchess. It is the greatest stain upon his reputation that he omitted to utter that word; vanity and ambition made him blind to the sense of duty. The Republicans having flattered him with the hope of power, he cried, "Down with Royalty! and let us have a Provisional Government;" and, being himself the most important member of the new Government, he attained for a short time the proud position at which he had aimed. In the very first days of his power he had a grand opportunity of displaying his courage. The populace assembled in angry masses on the Place de Grève, and wildly cried for the "drapeau rouge," that dread symbol of popular violence and the reign of blood. While all his colleagues drew back in terror, Lamartine boldly stepped forward and at the peril of his life eloquently dissuaded the fierce multitude from their sanguinary intentions. This was the greatest day of his life; and we could look with more unmixed admiration on his heroic conduct on this occasion, if his insufferable vanity had not prompted him afterwards, in speaking of that day, to utter the self-satisfied words, "J'étais sublime ce jour-là!" Lamartine deserves great credit for having, on this same occasion, procured the passing of a law for the abolition of capital punishment in political cases, a law which saved France in 1848 from a repetition of the horrors of the Revolution of 1789. The poet-statesman had now attained such a height of popularity that, in the elections of May, 1848, after the Provisional Government had resigned, no less than eleven electoral districts chose him as their representative in the new National Assembly. The first care of this new Assembly, when they met on the 10th May, was to appoint an executive commission of five members, to whom it was agreed that the nomination of the Ministers should be intrusted. In his eagerness to be appointed one of the Five, Lamartine entered into a coalition with Ledru Rollin and other men "of principles utterly at variance with anything like regular government;" he succeeded in his object, but this coalition was one of the chief causes of his rapid fall from power. On the 15th May the Assembly was dispersed by the insurgent populace, who would not listen even to the popular Lamartine; but when he rose to address them, cried out, "Assez joué de la Lyre; mort à Lamartine!" A little later, when Lamartine was beaten by Cavaignac in the contest for power, his political glory was at an end. During part of the year 1849 he sat in the Assembly for Orleans, and then vanished from the political horizon into the retirement of private life.

Since his political fall Lamartine has occupied a comparatively unimportant position. It is true that he has from time to time produced works which have attracted much attention, and many of which have been not unworthy of his reputation; but he never again attained the literary glory of his earlier years, while in the world of politics he had become a mere nonentity. Soon after his fall from power he published

his "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848," in which he had himself taken such a prominent part. This was followed during the next ten years by several other historical works, of which the most important were the histories "De la Restauration," "Des Constituants," and "De la Turquie." We believe that it was as a recompense for the last-named work that the Sultan granted him a pension of £1,000 a year, which he still enjoys. All these historical works are marked by the same distinguishing qualities and defects as were noticeable in his famous history of the "Girondins"—the same delightful narrative style, the same beauty of description, the same power of entralling the reader's attention, and also, unfortunately, the same want of historical accuracy, and the same romantic mode of treatment which has caused his "Girondins" to be styled an historical romance. About the same time our author made some successful efforts in the field of pure romance, as examples of which we may name "Raphael"—said to be founded on his own early love experiences; "Geneviève," and the delightful village tale of "Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint Point." At a time of life when we might have expected to find this great man enjoying the ease and dignity which ought to have crowned his illustrious career, we find him, on the contrary, working hard with his pen. Numerous historical and biographical sketches have been the result of his labours; the most important of these later works are "Les Hommes de la Restauration," "Les Grands Hommes de l'Orient," and "Portraits et Biographies." To relieve the poet from his pecuniary difficulties, the French Government early last year allotted to him half a million of francs of the public money, though the grant was strenuously opposed on various grounds. When we call to mind that on the 12th June, 1848, Lamartine proposed to the Assembly to renew against Louis Napoleon by name the general decree of banishment which had been passed in 1832 against all the princes of the Bonaparte family, we must admit that the recent grant to Lamartine redounds greatly to the credit of the French Government.

We have endeavoured briefly to review the principal events of a long and eventful career—a career in which there is little to censure and much to admire. His selfish desertion of the cause of the Duchess of Orleans is the chief stain on Lamartine's political character. To his excessive personal vanity we have more than once alluded; this failing was counterbalanced by many virtues—a heroic courage, which enabled him fearlessly to face a crowd mad with revolutionary excitement; an open-handed and thoughtless generosity, which reminds us of our own Goldsmith, and which has caused his frequent pecuniary embarrassments; and a humanity of disposition which has rendered him ever the warmest supporter of all measures for the amelioration of mankind. A man who, in addition to many personal qualities, has gained distinction as a poet, an historian, a statesman, an orator, and a novelist, has deserved well of his country; and we regret that the recent grant to him met with any opposition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOVELS AND POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—It is very vexing to have to argue with a person who is obviously capable of taking in only half one's meaning at a time. Your anonymous correspondent takes the trouble to contradict a good deal that I never said, and to advance with an air of triumph platitudes that no one in the world but himself perhaps would ever think of denying. That Mr. Tennyson's poetry has greatly influenced modern thought; that innumerable bardlings have risen to enforce his influence by imitation; and that the influence of what may be called Tennysonian poetry is nowhere more manifest than in the prevailing tone of contemporary fiction, are positions which I certainly did not think anybody would care to dispute. Neither do I see where "Mr. Clark Russell is too severe upon Mr. Tennyson," because he protests against the emasculating influence of the poet's subjects and method of treating those subjects. It is quite possible for a man to be unique and admirable in a certain province of art; yet, to have imitators who, without strength to rival the spirit of their master, imitate his tone and so create a school which shall be very maudlin, very silly, and very deteriorating in its effects. If your anonymous correspondent cannot understand this, let him devote himself to the history of literature a little more. Such a study will certainly make him a more profitable antagonist.

With regard to what I said touching the multiplication of novels, I confess my solution was but a mere theory, and to be valued as such. As to your correspondent's contradiction, he merely says I am not right without attempting to prove me wrong. This is what a wit once called the argument of a ploughman.

Your correspondent takes an opportunity of being sarcastic, like Thackeray's Mr. Snob, upon what I said about the influence of novels individually and collectively considered. Does he think it impossible for an individual novel "to die, leaving no trace of its influence behind," and for "vast quantities of novels to insensibly influence the intellectual tone of the day"? He should learn that the effects of individual moral causes, such as novels, are sometimes unappreciable; but that their aggregate results will make obvious impressions. One drop of water falling upon a stone will "die, leaving no trace of its influence behind;" but many drops of water will wear the stone away. But it is rash to indulge in similes with such an antagonist as your correspondent. His reply to my letter proves to me that a point is only to be made for him to miss it. You might as well pun before a Scotchman.

Your correspondent then goes on to make me say that from the literary tone of an age is "excluded the expression either of philosophers, historians, or indeed of any authors other than those who select fiction as the ground of intellectual operation." What I did say was that the influence of a contemporary poet is seldom or never found expressed in the writings of those who do not assume fiction as their province in art. I repeat it, and will not pause to confirm by illustrations a position which only a hot-headed schoolboy would contradict. He makes no argument by quoting the names of illustrious authors in opposition to my remark that fiction is always influenced by the prevailing school of contemporary poetry. "Nay," says he, "I should have turned to see the greatest novelist of the past generation walking hand in hand with this very Wordsworth" (whom in my first letter I looked upon as the precursor of Tennyson in the same school) "and I should have looked to see the greatest novelist of this age (whether you say George Eliot or Charles Dickens) producing, even under the blighting shadow of Tennyson, work which neither this age nor the next will call vapid, idle, and valueless." There is only one answer to this. Genius is always independent and creative; and the authors he quotes are geniuses. Being possibly deficient in dramatic instincts it would be useless my hoping to teach him the value of the dramatic spirit in art even in its most silent moods, its most stirless attitudes. It is a bad sign for an arguer to rush into extremes; and in discussing the simple question of the value of dramatic force in art there was no reason for your correspondent to talk of "tawdry lime-lit figures," of "violent gestures," and "windy hyperbole." The spirit of art is dramatic, not analytic. If your correspondent does not know this, he must speedily find it out if he be really anxious for controversial *éclat*.

It is idle for your correspondent to call upon me to write a novel that shall vindicate my protest against the poetical contemporary influence. I might as well call upon him to write a poem that shall prove Mr. Tennyson to be a great poet. Clearly, your anonymous correspondent is very much with his age; but if he ever hopes to be worth listening to, he must try to be before it. Let him argue with some degree of novelty; not contradict in assertions as old as the earliest criticisms upon his venerated bard. In conclusion I can only say with Oliver Holmes, that "Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say." "You know," the witty professor goes on, "that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe stem and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height at one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it!" For the edification of your anonymous correspondent I may add that Oliver Holmes calls this the *hydrostatic paradox of controversy*. I daresay he'll miss the point.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"DOCTOR MUSPRATT'S PATIENTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the LONDON REVIEW of Feb. 8th, I find an article headed as above, and no wonder the name arrested my atten-

tion. In the Christmas number of *Chambers's Journal* for 1866 there were seven chapters on "Dr. Muspratt's Patients," so that now I suppose they are reproduced with other stories in the form of a book by Mr. Dutton Cook. In the second chapter of *Chambers's Journal* is the following:—"About the middle of the last century there lived in Great Newport-street, Soho, one Vicesimus Muspratt, who, though generally designated 'Doctor' Muspratt by his neighbours, was not, in truth, a member of the College of Physicians, and held no doctor's degree. He was a surgeon of high repute, attached to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society," &c. At the time a great number of my friends, seeing the advertising lists, bought the journal, thinking that I had turned from chemistry to physic. Of course on reading the commencement of the article they at once perceived they had been taken in. Whence did the name occur to the author? In the *Spectator* also there is mention made of "Dr. Muspratt's Patients, and Other Stories—the Story of a Physician of St. Bartholomew's in the last century."

From inquiries I made two years since through professors and others connected with the above hospital, there never was a person of the name of "Muspratt" (physician or surgeon) connected with it, and certainly no "Vicesimus Muspratt" was ever a member of any of the London learned societies. By inserting the above you will greatly oblige me for many reasons, the principal one being that it will elicit the fact whether any other Dr. Muspratt has appeared before the public besides

Your obedient servant,

SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., F.R.S. Ed.,
Professor of Chemistry.

College of Chemistry, Liverpool, Feb. 10.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

AFTER several postponements (owing to Mr. Costa's illness), "St. Paul" was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday (Friday) week, when Mr. Costa resumed his usual position as conductor, and a young Austrian lady, Mdlle. Carola, appeared for the first time in this country. This lady has a genuine soprano voice, bright and clear in tone, and possessing that pure silvery quality which is brilliant without ever approaching harshness. Although the soprano solos of "St. Paul" are nowhere very elaborate as to executive difficulties, Mdlle. Carola's vocalization was such as evinced the thorough art training and technical preparation which might be expected in a pupil of such an instructress as Madame Viardot-Garcia; while, in the higher and rarer qualities of style and phrasing, the newcomer also showed the high influences derived from her admirable teacher, as well as her own intelligence and musical instinct. Her delivery of the incidental recitatives was marked by a refinement and elevation, a rhythmical power and distinctness of enunciation rarely met with in young aspirants; while the airs, "Jerusalem" and "I will sing of Thy great mercies," were given with an unaffected earnestness and a calm yet elevated expression which completed the favourable impression already made by the few previous recitatives. Altogether this first appearance of Mdlle. Carola promises well for her future career. Mr. Sims Reeves, in the principal tenor solos, sang, as he has long been singing, magnificently. The grandeur of his declamation—energetic and heroic, without ever being strained or stilted—in the recitatives, especially that admirable passage for Stephen, "Men, Brethren, Fathers;" and the calm sustained expression of his delivery of the beautiful cavatina with violoncello obbligato (Mr. G. Collins), "Be thou faithful unto death," altogether formed a union of dignity, elevation, and pathos, with refined vocalization, as rare as admirable. The contralto solos were sung with her usual earnest expression by Madame Sainton-Dolby; and the bass solos most impressively by Signor Foli. The choruses, and overture and orchestral accompaniments, were excellently given by the gigantic choir and band of this institution; and the impression left by this fine performance of "St. Paul" was, that the work (originally produced in 1836) has been too much put aside of late years in favour of its composer's later oratorio, "Elijah" (1846). Although the public verdict is in favour of the latter work, it would be difficult to find in it (or indeed in any other oratorio) instances of higher and sublimer thought, and greater art mastery, than such as abound in "St. Paul"—which we trust will be more frequently given in future.

At St. George's Opera House, on Saturday night, an English adaptation of Auber's "L'Ambassadrice" was brought

out—the original text of MM. Scribe and St. Georges, translated by Messrs. Reece and Reed. This work, which was first brought out at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1836, was intended to convey some satirical allusions to the career of the great singer, Henriette Sonntag, who, after being the darling of the Parisians, married Count Rossi, and quitted the opera stage and her artistic life (1830) for the grandeur and dazzling career of an ambassador's wife. The Henriette of the opera is led to the point of similar honours and advancement, which, however, she relinquishes to return to her profession, in justice to her own exceptional talents and to the public, which could ill bear such deprivation; thus conveying a satire on the real Henriette, who, however, had afterwards (1848) to repair her husband's ruined fortunes by a similar resumption of a stage career. The present adaptors have closely followed the original book, the light, epigrammatic smartness of which, however, but ill bears transference to English actors and their language. Mdlle. Liehart is a vivacious and animated Henriette, and sings the music with considerable power and much brilliancy, although scarcely with that volatile lightness which belongs to French vocalization in alliance with the original language. Her success was decided, especially in the ingenious trio in the second act, where Henriette has to sing falsely in order to disguise her professional character from the proud relations of her intended husband, the Duke de Valberg—and in several bravura passages in which she puts forth her best powers as a veritable prima donna, especially in the last scene of her reappearance on the stage, as seen in the background, from the private box of the Duke de Valberg into which the real stage is converted. Madame D'Este Finlayson was lively as the rival singer Charlotte, Miss A. Smythe imperious as the proud sister of the Duke, and Mrs. Aynsley Cooke humorous as the dragon-like aunt of Henriette. Mr. Wilford Morgan, as the tenor of the opera company, and lover of Henriette, sung carefully but somewhat too heavily for the light and subtle grace of the music; while his acting was still more ponderous. In the latter respect, however, practice in public will doubtless lead to improvement—that being generally the chief mode of preparation followed by English dramatic singers. Mr. Aynsley Cooke, as the opera manager Fortunatus, was earnest and energetic, but far too spasmodic; and Mr. C. Lyall was correct and careful as the Duke de Valberg. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. German Reed, consisted of a well-selected band of instrumentalists—too few, however, to reproduce all the effects of Auber's beautifully-balanced score, which it is a species of art sacrilege to reduce from its original proportions. The reception of the piece was decidedly favourable.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Herr Joachim reappeared, playing with all his former grandeur of tone and style, brilliancy and expression, as exemplified in his leading of Beethoven's noble Rasoumowski quartet No. 2; in the grandest of grand trios, the same composer's op. 97, for piano and stringed instruments; and the third of his piano and violin sonatas, op. 30. Mr. C. Hallé was the pianist, and was playing his best in the two last-named pieces, as also in Beethoven's solo sonata, op. 79 in G. Miss C. Westbrook was the vocalist; and Mr. Benedict, as usual, the conductor.

Miss Madeline Schiller has commenced a series of six piano-forte recitals (at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street), the second of which took place on Tuesday evening. This young lady is well known as a brilliant and graceful pianiste, whose musical education has been acquired in one of the best of modern schools—the Conservatorium of Leipzig—and under the direction of one of the most admirable masters, Mr. Moscheles. At each of her concerts Miss Schiller evinces her assiduously cultivated talent and extensive acquaintance with music of very opposite schools. On Thursday, among other solo performances, she gave Handel's suite in E (including the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations); Beethoven's difficult sonata, "Appassionata;" the andante from Hummel's fantasia, op. 18; a Polka de Concert by Wallace, &c. In all these pieces Miss Schiller displayed brilliant powers of execution, with corresponding grace of style. Her touch is firm and energetic, yet elastic and facile. Her delivery of the bravura passages and groups of notes of capricious number, in which Hummel's beautiful and difficult andante abounds, as well as of the impetuous and chromatic polka of Wallace, was especially admirable. Miss Schiller's excellent performances were warmly applauded by the appreciative audience which filled the concert-room.

M. Auber's new opera, "Un Premier Jour de Bonheur," was produced in Paris on Saturday last—apparently with success, since the critics say that it is an improvement on his previous work, "La Fiancée du Roi de Garde" (1864). This new production is about the fortieth dramatic work of a composer who is now past his eighty-sixth year.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. DARWIN ON "ARTIFICIAL SELECTION."^{*}
(FIRST NOTICE.)

THE trite old maxim which tells us that Nature does nothing spasmodically is literally the marrow and essence of a doctrine manifold in its applications, and rapidly gaining ground in all departments of modern philosophy. The theory of evolution is one which finds much favour with scientific men in these times, and which even political thinkers regard as the principle on which the progress of civilization is wholly dependent. That the world as we see it now, with its infinitely numerous forms of organic life and its marvellous irregularity of contour, started as it were into spontaneous existence, very few of our modern savants are willing to admit. On the contrary, the leading thinkers in the fields of geology, natural history, and botany are disposed to account for the present phase of the globe and its inhabitants by supposing that the state of things we see around us now is the expression of the last term in a long series of changes which have taken place during the millions of epochs of years since, let us say, the days of *Eozoon Canadense*. In other words, the world as we see it is the consequence of a multitude of metamorphoses which are summed up in the one term, evolution. The Alps and Himalayas, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are no more the result of cataclysmic operations than the slowly growing coral-lagoon, the submerged or elevated sea-coast, or the deltas of our great rivers. This is an application of the doctrine of evolution to geology; but it may be applied to every department of natural science, and to Mr. Darwin belongs the credit of attempting to explain the great problem of divergence of animal forms, by evoking its assistance. There are at the present moment living on the earth's surface millions of widely different forms of organic life, which naturalists have grouped together according to their internal and external resemblances into two great primary divisions—animal and vegetable, and into further included sub-divisions of sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, families, genera, and species. The species in this series is the ultimate term, and it is held to embrace a number of individuals having certain minor characters in common. The genus includes a number of species all differing from each other in their specific characters, but still having certain qualities—those which are generic, universal. So we might go on from genus to family, and to the most comprehensive group of all, the kingdom itself. The species are said to differ from each other in well-marked points, but it is found by naturalists of wide experience that so many intervening forms exist between any two species that it is impossible to draw a natural line. It becomes then a question for the speculative biologist—How did these several forms arise? Do they represent as many distinct and separate acts of special creation, or have they proceeded from a number of primary types which may themselves have been either spontaneously generated or called into being by an Almighty fiat? It is to the solution of this question that Mr. Darwin has devoted his life, and on which he now a second time addresses the general public.

It is not to be denied, that since the days of Aristotle the question of the origin of species has been regarded as an enigma proposed by the Sphinx of Science, and destined to puzzle all who attempted to explain it. Even the Stagyrite endeavoured to solve the mystery (in his "Physicae Auscultationes"), and his solution certainly lies more on Mr. Darwin's side than on that of his opponents. Buffon, Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, Dr. Wells, Dean Herbert, Professor Grant, and the author of the "Vestiges," each and all put forth hypotheses approaching that of natural selection, but with little result. It was not, in fact, till Messrs. Wallace and Darwin came before the world of naturalists with an hypothesis which correlated and explained phenomena hitherto unassociated, that the minds of all philosophers were directed to the question of the origin of species. Since then the problem has engaged the attention of savants all over the world, and with few exceptions Mr. Darwin's hypothesis has met with a general acceptance. The theory of natural selection is briefly this:—Species have not been directly created, they are merely the result of continued variation which causes successive generations to diverge more and more from the original type. If all animals lived we should see the connecting links between these different forms; but since there is a constant struggle

for existence those only survive which are best adapted to the conditions which surround them. Nature, to use a figurative expression, selects those variations best suited to her, and rejects the others, and thus, by "natural selection," specific forms come to be preserved. This statement of the theory is open to some objection, but it will serve our purpose for the present. There are two branches of the argument in favour of this evolution doctrine—one derived from an observation of organic beings in a state of nature, the other based upon a knowledge of the facts connected with the artificial breeding or domestication of animals and plants. The first division has already been given to the public in Mr. Darwin's former work. The second is found in the two volumes now before us.

"Artificial Selection," the principle upon which "fanciers" form peculiar breeds, or, in other words, artificial species, of animals and plants, supplies Mr. Darwin with an amount of evidence in accordance with, and in support of his doctrine, which, though it must leave the verdict still the Scotch one of "not proven," affords, nevertheless, to the impartial reasoner sufficient grounds for moral certainty. Dealing with the minutest details of the history of our domestic animals, and treating on the subject of artificial selection in the dog, horse, ass, cat, pig, sheep, goat, rabbit, pigeon, fowl, duck, goose, peacock, turkey, gold-fish, and silkworm, successively, Mr. Darwin leaves no point unnoticed or obscure. Indeed, if there is any fault, it is that the evidence is excessive, and from its mass and minuteness wearying even to the most enthusiastic reader. To enter upon an analysis of the facts adduced would be out of the question; the very utmost which can be expected of the reviewer is that he shall state the bearing of the testimony, and adduce some of its more striking features, and this we now proceed to do. So far as we have been enabled to sift Mr. Darwin's evidence—and we have spared no pains to do so fairly—it succeeds in demonstrating four distinct propositions. First. That several forms of animals and plants—in fact an immense multitude—not found in a state of nature, but which have clearly been derived from certain natural types, have been called into existence through the agency of man. Second. That these have been produced by the process of "artificial selection," i.e., by careful observation of individual variations, selection of these for breeding, rejection of other forms, and, finally, perpetuation of the specific characters thus arrived at. In fact, by a system perfectly analogous to that pursued by nature. Third. That examination of the several breeds of any one animal, say a pigeon, reveals a degree of external difference of form, and internal distinctions of structure such as would warrant a naturalist, not familiar with their mode of origin, in classifying them as distinct species, and in some cases even as separate genera. Fourth. That artificial selection depends for its operation on the fact that all animals, but especially domestic ones, display a remarkable tendency to vary. In all the instances he advances, Mr. Darwin, as we have stated, gives ample proof of the truth of these propositions, but the testimony afforded by the history of the domestic pigeon, is, on the whole, the most satisfactory. We find that at the present time there are no less than 150 different races of pigeons, which perpetuate their characters with the most exact precision. These all differ from each other by far more striking peculiarities than separate most of our recognised species of animals, and yet, as the author shows, they have been produced by a constantly-maintained process of artificial selection. What greater distinction can there be between two birds than that which exists between the fantail and tumbler, the pouter and carrier, the barb and the turbit? yet all these have been derived from the common Rock dove, *Columba livia*, as the following reasons will show:—

"To sum up the foregoing arguments, which are opposed to the belief that the chief domestic races are the descendants of at least eight or nine or perhaps a dozen species. Firstly, The improbability that so many species should still exist somewhere, but be unknown to ornithologists, or that they should have become within the historical period extinct, although man has had so little influence in exterminating the wild *C. livia*. Secondly, The improbability of man in former times having thoroughly domesticated and rendered fertile under confinement so many species. Thirdly, These supposed species having nowhere become feral. Fourthly, The extraordinary fact that man should intentionally or by chance have chosen for domestication several species extremely abnormal in character. Fifthly, The fact of all the races, though differing in many important points of structure, producing perfectly fertile mongrels; whilst all the hybrids produced between even closely allied species in the pigeon family are sterile."

Although in the case of certain pigeons it is possible to trace a regular gradation from the Rock dove through Persian, Lotan, and common tumblers, up to those marvellous short-faced birds, which would certainly not of themselves alone be

* The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. Two vols. London: John Murray.

judged as relatives of the original parent, yet in all other instances, the connecting links are gone. And if within the historic period so many intervening forms have been lost, how many must have passed away in tertiary and secondary, not to speak of palæozoic eras! The anatomical variations of the pigeon, though strongly marked, are by no means so remarkable as those seen in the case of the pig, the rabbit, or the common fowl. Perhaps the rabbit supplies the best example of what grave osteological changes may result from a change of the physical conditions of life. Those who contend that specific forms cannot result from change of external circumstances, should pay particular attention to this point in Mr. Darwin's case. As we have already said, our summary of the testimony must be very brief. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that—

"By the supply of abundant and nutritious food, together with little exercise, and by the continued selection of the heaviest individuals, the weight of the larger breeds has been more than doubled. The bones of the limbs have increased in weight. . . . With the increased size of the body, the third cervical vertebra has assumed characters proper to the fourth cervical, and the eighth and ninth dorsal vertebrae have similarly assumed characters proper to the tenth and posterior vertebrae. The skull in the larger breeds has increased in length. The brain has not duly increased in dimensions, or has even actually decreased, and consequently the bony case for the brain has remained narrow, and by correlation has affected the bones of the face and the entire length of the skull. From unknown causes, the supraorbital processes of the frontal bones and the free end of the molar bones have increased in breadth, and in the larger breeds the occipital foramen is much less deeply notched than in wild rabbits, and certain parts of the scapula and terminal sternal bones have become highly variable in shape."

These details are perhaps wearisome to the general reader, but to the physiologist they are pregnant with interest, since they show how easily the consequence of an alteration of conditions, and therefore of the perpetuation of an individual variation may become the basis of a specific distinction. Such and numerous similar facts demonstrate to the unprejudiced zoologist that the essential character of a species is not necessarily fixed and immutable; and they therefore furnish an additional argument, and a very forcible one, in favour of Mr. Darwin's views.

But, says the advocate of "specific creation," there is one difficulty which you have not got over. Natural species are sterile, or nearly so, when crossed; your artificial species are remarkably fertile *inter se*. How do you account for this? This is certainly a serious objection, and it is one which, it must be confessed, Mr. Darwin has failed to give a satisfactory reply to. Doubtless all the reasoning from analogy is in his favour. All that he has urged points to the extreme probability of his hypothesis, but his opponents have raised an objection which, while perfectly reasonable, is nevertheless very difficult to meet. However, Mr. Darwin has attempted—he admits that the attempt is not all that he could wish—to explain this apparent anomaly. He says, in the first place, this sterility is not invariably decided—indeed, it is often so slight as to lead to very opposite opinions as to its extent; secondly, he argues that domestication in all animals tends to increase fertility; and thirdly, he observes that this same sterility is found in different species of trees, on which it is endeavoured to produce a graft, and is evidently due to particular reproductive conditions. Yet he asks was the quality specially given them to prevent their intergrafting? Now these are undoubtedly very specious arguments; but we doubt if they even satisfy Mr. Darwin himself, and they by no means fully meet the anti-Darwinian question. Another objection—fair enough in its way—to the theory lies in the assumed absence of those connecting links which Mr. Darwin's opponents ask to be produced. But this is met by absolute evidence (as shown by Professor Huxley in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, which, though small in mass, is irrefutable in reason).

Thus we see that so far the Darwinian hypothesis of the origin of species merits, at the least, our temporary acceptance, since it meets the facts better than any other explanation yet advanced, and because it explains and associates phenomena which, under any other theory, would, so far as can be seen, be absolutely unintelligible. That it is not demonstrated as a doctrine, no one would be more willing to admit than its distinguished and accomplished author. But while we admit *pro tempore* the probability of a theory which so nearly dovetails with our knowledge of nature, we are still in the dark as to many of the laws which regulate the singular tendency to variation which both animals and vegetables display. These branches of the question, however, have not escaped Mr. Darwin, who has devoted his second volume to their consideration. His views on this part of the subject we shall examine in another notice. In concluding our present remarks, we must compliment the author upon the honest and unpre-

judiced manner in which he has laid down his opinions. Numberless as have been his assailants, bitter and unmerited as has been the invective hurled against him by the advocates of "specific creation," Mr. Darwin pursues a calm and dignified demeanour, and while he avoids no argument which has been brought against his theory, he neither descends to personality nor yields to controversial passion.

MAX HAVELAAR.*

ABOUT seven or eight years ago, great excitement was caused among the usually phlegmatic Dutch public by a novel with the title mentioned at the head of this article. It set people talking at clubs and in offices; it formed the topic of conversation in quiet, steady-going homes; it offered a fruitful theme for journalists, and it even led to debates in Parliament, to questioning of Ministers, and to Ministerial rejoinders. Those who recollect the agitation created in America and England by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a work unquestionably instrumental in no small degree in bringing about the civil war of some years later—will have little difficulty in comprehending that even a work of fiction may, under certain circumstances, be a power in the political world, making itself felt from the humblest classes up to the head of the State. It is true that "Max Havelaar" has not yet worked a revolution in Holland or anywhere else; but it has called attention to a condition of things in the East Indian possessions of Holland which was until then unknown to the home-staying Dutch, but which loudly demanded, and still does demand, the reforming zeal of the statesman. The author, who for a time veiled his real name under the pseudonym of "Multatuli," is a Mr. Eduard Douwes Dekker. He was formerly Assistant Resident of the Dutch Government in Java, and we believe lost his position there because he would no longer be a party to the cruelty with which the natives are treated. In writing and publishing the present volume, he did not design simply to entertain his readers with an exciting romance; he wished to place before them in the most striking form, and therefore the form most likely to be popular, a representation of tyranny and suffering, for the existence of which they were in themselves in a manner responsible. He has done so with considerable ability. Although the novel is rather unshapely in its construction, it exhibits a great deal of power in the delineation of character. Mr. Drystubble, the coffee-broker, is admirably drawn: a hard, shrewd, cunning man of business, whose utter disbelief in anything noble or generous in human nature is only equalled by his slavish devotion to the letter of religion, and his selfish "respectability." The way in which this despicable creature—whom the author himself, in a burst of indignation at the end of his book, calls the "miserable spawn of dirty covetousness and blasphemous hypocrisy"—reveals his own shabby and heartless nature while ostensibly asserting his virtues and his sense, is masterly in its gradual unfolding of a base spirit lurking beneath pretences which might pass muster with the world. The story is supposed to be written by several persons, the coffee-broker being one; but the chief part of the narrative is not that with which he is concerned. Drystubble is a trader of Amsterdam, and the main incidents of the story are laid in Java. The state of things in that island, to which Mr. Dekker desired to draw the attention of his countrymen, is this:—

Some of the Dutch East Indian possessions are practically governed by their native kings and princes, though these are tributary to Holland; but Java is ruled directly by the representatives of the Dutch King. The Javanese is a Dutch subject; his taxes go to the exchequer of Holland, and, if he commits a crime, he is condemned and punished by laws made at the Hague. The island is divided into provinces, at the head of each of which is a Resident. The title of this functionary dates from the time when Holland acted the part of a protecting State to the native princes, as we see at the present day in certain parts of India, where England, by means of a similar official, bearing the same designation, exercises a very considerable control over quasi-independent States. But in Java the Residents have now become rulers in all but the name; for, although they are subordinate not only to the Home Government, but also to the Governor-General, the Senators of the Indies, and the Directors of Batavia, their power is seldom called into question by their superiors. The Residencies are divided into three, four, or five departments, at the head of each of which is an Assistant Resident; and each Assistant Resident

* Max Havelaar: or, the Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company. By "Multatuli." Translated from the Original Manuscript by Baron Alphonse Nahuis. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

is aided by a native chief of high rank, with the title of Regent. These Regents always belong to the aristocracy of the country, and often to the family of the princes who had formerly governed as independent sovereigns. Not unfrequently the office is allowed to be hereditary, though there is no law on the subject. It is felt that the Regent is a very important person, because his influence with the native population is great, and it lies in his power either to encourage a feeling of loyalty towards the Dutch Government, or to stir up disaffection. He is therefore courted and bribed in every way; and in effect, though nominally inferior to the Assistant Resident, he is really in a superior position—superior “through local knowledge, birth, influence on the population, pecuniary revenues, and manner of living. Moreover, a Regent, as representing the Javanese element, and being considered the mouthpiece of the hundred thousand or more inhabitants of his Regency, is also in the eyes of the Government a much more important personage than the simple European officer.” The Assistant Resident delivers his commands to the Regent, whether it be to make bridges or roads, or to gather in the taxes; and at the council he blames him if guilty of neglect of duty. But he knows that in case of a dispute the Home Government would be more likely to support the Regent than himself, and this necessarily ties his hands. The Regent lives in a style of Oriental splendour, which, taken in connection with the peculiarities of his position, leads to a cruel oppression of the peasantry. “Multatuli” thus sketches the working of the system :—

“It is no uncommon thing to find Regents in pecuniary difficulties who have an income of two or three hundred thousand guilders. This is brought about by the princely indifference with which they lavish their money and neglect to watch their inferiors, by their fondness for buying, and, above all things, the abuse often made of these qualities by Europeans. The revenue of the Javanese grandees may be divided into four parts. In the first place, their fixed monthly pay; secondly, a fixed sum as indemnification for their bought-up rights, which have passed to the Dutch Government; thirdly, a premium on the productions of their regency—as coffee, sugar, indigo, cinnamon, &c.; and lastly, the arbitrary disposal of the labour and property of their subjects. The two last-mentioned sources of revenue need some explanation. The Javanese is by nature a husbandman; the ground whereon he is born, which gives much for little labour, allures him to it, and, above all things, he devotes his whole heart and soul to the cultivating of his rice-fields, in which he is very clever. He grows up in the midst of his *sawahs*, and *gagahs*, and *tipars*; when still very young he accompanies his father to the field, where he helps him in his labour with plough and spade in constructing dams and drains to irrigate his fields; he counts his years by harvests; he estimates time by the colour of the blades in his field; he is at home amongst the companions who cut paddy with him; he chooses his wife amongst the girls of the *dessah*, who every evening tread the rice with joyous songs. The possession of a few buffaloes for ploughing is the ideal of his dreams. The cultivation of rice is in Java what the vintage is in the Rhine provinces and in the south of France. But there came foreigners from the West, who made themselves masters of the country. They wished to profit by the fertility of the soil, and ordered the native to devote a part of his time and labour to the cultivation of other things which should produce higher profits in the markets of Europe. To persuade the lower orders to do so, they only had to follow a very simple policy. The Javanese obeys his chiefs; to win the chiefs, it was only necessary to give them a part of the gain, and success was complete.

“To be convinced of the success of that policy we need only consider the immense quantity of Javanese products sold in Holland; and we shall also be convinced of its injustice, for, if anybody should ask if the husbandman himself gets a reward in proportion to that quantity, then I must give a negative answer. The Government compels him to cultivate certain products on his ground; it punishes him if he sells what he has produced to any purchaser but itself; and it fixes the price actually paid. The expenses of transport to Europe through a privileged trading company are high; the money paid to the chiefs for encouragement increases the prime cost; and because the entire trade *must* produce profit, that profit cannot be got in any other way than by paying the Javanese just enough to keep him from starving, which would lessen the producing power of the nation.

“To the European officials, also, a premium is paid in proportion to the produce. It is a fact that the poor Javanese is thus driven by a double force; that he is driven away from his rice-fields; it is a fact that famine is often the consequence of these measures; but the flags of the ships, laden with the harvest that makes Holland rich, are flapping gaily at Batavia, at Samarang, at Soorabaya, at Passarsoan, at Bezookie, at Probolinggo, at Patjitan, at Tjilatjap.”

A few years ago, we are told, whole districts were depopulated by famine, and mothers actually offered to sell their infants for food, or even ate them. The Regent frequently summons hundreds of families from remote places, to work, without payment, on fields that belong to him. The native population are required to supply the Regent with provisions free of charge; and if the great man should happen to be pleased with the horse, the buffalo, the daughter, or the wife of a peasant, the latter is compelled to deliver up the desired object. Some of the Regents, it is admitted, exercise their power with moderation; others do pretty nearly what they please with the wretched

labourers and their families. All this is known to the Government, but it does nothing to amend the evil. What makes the matter worse is that there is a hypocritical pretence of shielding the humble populace from oppression. The European authorities in Java are told that one of their first obligations is to prevent the self-abasement of the people, and to protect them from the covetousness of the chiefs; and a special oath is exacted from the Assistant Residents, to the effect that, when they enter upon the government of a province, they will regard a fatherly care for the population as their first duty. This sounds well enough, but it really amounts to nothing more than a form. The utter futility of such a provision is proved, says Mr. Dekker, “by the fact—apparent to every one—that each native chief pushes too far the limit of the lawful disposal of labour and property; that all Assistant Residents take an oath to resist this, and yet that very seldom a Regent is accused for abuse of power, or arbitrary conduct.” In a rather clap-trap and boastful conclusion to his story, the author, speaking in his own person, says :—

“The merit of my book is this,—that *refutation* of its main features is impossible. And the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being *heard* will be so much the greater,—and that is what I desire.

“But you, whom I dare to interrupt in your business or in your retirement, ye Ministers and Governors-General, do not calculate too much upon the inexperience of my pen. I could exercise it, and perhaps, by dint of some exertions, attain to that skill which would make the truth heard by the people. Then I should ask of that people a place in the Representative Chambers, were it only to protest against the certificates which are given *vice versa* by Indian functionaries. To protest against the endless expeditions sent, and heroic deeds performed, against poor, miserable creatures, whose ill-treatment has driven them to revolt. To protest against the cowardice of general orders, that brand the honour of the nation, by invoking public charity on behalf of the victims of inveterate piracy.

“It is true those rebels were reduced by starvation to skeletons, while those pirates could defend themselves.

“And if that place were refused me . . . if I were still disbelieved . . . Then I should translate my book into the few languages that I know, and the many that I yet can learn, to put that question to Europe which I have in vain put to Holland. And in every capital such a refrain as this would be heard: ‘There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt!’

“And if this were of no avail? . . . Then I should translate my book into Malay, Javanese, Soondanese, Alfoer, Boegi, and Battah. And I should sharpen *Klewangs*, the scimitars and the sabres, by rousing with warlike songs the minds of those martyrs whom I have promised to help—I Multatuli would do this! Yes! delivery and help, lawfully if possible;—lawfully with violence, if need be.

“And that would be very pernicious to the COFFEE AUCTIONS OF THE DUTCH TRADING COMPANY!

“For I am no fly-rescuing poet, no soft dreamer, like the down-trodden Havelaar, who did his duty with the courage of a lion, and endured starvation with the patience of a marmot in winter. This book is an introduction. . . . I shall increase in strength and sharpness of weapons, according as it may be necessary. Heaven grant that it may not be necessary! . . .

“No, it will not be necessary! For it is to thee I dedicate my book: WILLIAM THE THIRD, King, Grand Duke, Prince, . . . more than Prince, Grand Duke and King, . . . Emperor of the magnificent empire of INSULIND, which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds! . . . I ask THEE if it be thine IMPERIAL will that the Havelaar should be bespattered with the mud of Slymerings and Drystubbles; and that thy *more* than thirty millions of SUBJECTS far away should be ill-treated and should suffer extortion in thy name?”

Although we cannot admire this spasmodic style of writing, there appears, unfortunately, to be no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of the author's facts. Mr. Dekker has frequently challenged contradiction to his statements, but no one has even attempted to overthrow them. Mr. Veth, the learned Orientalist of Leyden, has said that the accusations contained in “Max Havelaar” are really far below the truth; and in the Dutch Parliament judgment has been allowed to go by default. For his honesty and benevolence, Mr. Dekker, we are assured by his translator, Baron Alphonse Nahuijs (who, by the way, has produced a very creditable piece of English), has been slandered and persecuted; and we can only hope that the great success of his work will in some measure compensate him for the losses he has suffered in the vindication of our common humanity.

A HISTORY OF REFORM.*

MR. COX commences his account of Reform with the Act of 1832. He mentions that the right of suffrage in the first Parliament included almost every rank in the community. In boroughs all registered householders had votes. Knights and burgesses were elected by a show of hands simply, without even the formality of polling. Until the reign of Henry VI.

* A History of the Reform Bills of 1836 and 1837. By Homersham Cox, M.A. London: Longmans.

there was a virtual universality of suffrage. Then a law was passed constituting forty-shilling freeholders. The Act of 1832 "was passed at a period when the representation had fallen into a state of great disorder. Many great towns which had acquired wealth and importance in popular times did not send members to Parliament, while the right of sending them was possessed by an enormous number of insignificant decayed boroughs, which in many instances had scarce a score of inhabitants."

"Undoubtedly the greatest and most difficult achievement of the Reformers of 1832 was the redress of these anomalies. The 'Act to Amend the Representation of the People in England and Wales' entirely disfranchised fifty-six boroughs, which had collectively returned 111 members, and in thirty other places the franchise was reduced to the return of one member instead of two. The vacancies thus created were supplied by constituting many new Parliamentary boroughs and by increasing the number of knights of the shire. In England alone, 141 seats in the House of Commons were transferred from deserted villages to great constituencies. This was a great change in the balance of political power. But another almost equally important was the general effect of the Reform Acts to give a predominating power to the middle classes. In boroughs an entirely new class of voters was created—'the ten-pound householders,' as they are popularly designated. Subject to certain restrictions, every male occupier of a tenement within a borough worth ten pounds a year was rendered entitled to vote, provided that he duly paid rates and assessed taxes, and resided within seven miles of the borough. The large majority of the persons who came under this description belonged to the middle class. It is not practicable to ascertain with absolute precision the proportion which their number bore to the other classes immediately before and after the Reform Act of 1832. But there are sufficient data to warrant the conclusion that the distribution of political power among different classes of society was most materially altered by that measure. In the aggregate the working classes were a majority of the voters, though in consequence of the number of nomination boroughs and those in which the right of election was confined to close corporations, a large proportion of the House of Commons was chosen by a very small oligarchy. For the reasons given in the subjoined note it may be inferred that before any Reform Act the working classes constituted a majority of the aggregate number of borough electors; and immediately after that Act was passed were outnumbered in a proportion greater than two to one. And this disproportion in after times continually increased; for that statute not only created a new property qualification, which by its nature excluded, and was intended to exclude, the poorer inhabitants of towns, but also provided for the gradual extinction of the electoral rights of scot and lot voters, and several other ancient rights which were possessed for the most part by persons in the lowest ranks of life."

The Bills introduced into Parliament since 1832 bearing upon Reform were all of a partial and limited character, dealing only with special abuses. Lord Russell's Bill of 1852 proposed to extend the franchise in boroughs to occupiers of houses of the annual value of £5, and the franchise in counties to tenants rated at £20. In 1854 a Bill was introduced proposing to give the franchise to persons deriving ten pounds a year from dividends, paying forty shillings annually in direct taxes, or having an academical degree of any university. These measures were not passed. A change of Ministry took place in 1852, and when Lord Russell brought in the Bill two years later, the country was too much interested in the Crimean war, and Reform was allowed to sleep. In 1859 the Government had for its chiefs the men now in office, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. The latter, in accordance with a stereotyped sentiment on the subject in the Queen's Speech, introduced a Bill of which Mr. Cox mildly says: "The arguments present a remarkable contrast with the doctrines espoused by him a few years later. In 1866 he earnestly supported a motion which involved the fate of the Russell-Gladstone Cabinet, and which recommended a suffrage qualification founded upon the rateable value of the qualifying tenements." He alluded to the dangers of "household democracy," and the coarse and common expedient of reducing the suffrage in towns. Then we had his scheme of lateral extension, with its various quaint and fantastic devices for defeating the very object of Reform. There is nothing more curious or more instructive in this book than the manner in which Mr. Disraeli may be observed wriggling from point to point, fighting now this ground, now that, and finally going over to the side of his opponents and using all the advantages that their contentions gave him. In this way he contrasts rather unfavourably both with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. Of the latter Mr. Cox says:—

"Few persons have suffered more frequently from misrepresentation of their political opinions than Mr. Bright. It has been constantly assumed, without a tittle of proof, that he is the advocate of extreme democratic doctrines and an apostle of universal suffrage. His moderation during the discussions of 1866 and 1867 have been regarded as inconsistent and simulated; but the sentiments which he expressed during that period are perfectly in accord with the views which he adopted in 1859. In the debate on Lord John Russell's amendment, Mr. Walpole directed attention to a speech then recently delivered by Mr. Bright at Rochdale, in the following terms:—

"He recently made a speech of great power at Rochdale, in which he showed, and I think conclusively, that you cannot have manhood suffrage, and that you cannot have, strictly speaking, household suffrage, if you desire that your electors should be independent. The hon. gentleman also showed, conclusively in my opinion, that in regard to those living in small tenements, some by scores, some by hundreds, and some by thousands, they were so little independent of those around them that they could hardly be said to have a free will of their own."

"This language, addressed be it remembered, to a popular meeting, is not that of a mere demagogue who appeals only to the passions and sympathies of an unreasoning mob. In his speech in the House of Commons immediately following Mr. Walpole, Mr. Bright argued with great power against the proposal in Mr. Disraeli's Bill with respect to the exclusion of the freeholders in towns from the county register. 'The proposition of the Bill,' he said, 'is, first of all, to get rid from the county of one-fourth, or twenty-five per cent., of the whole, or 100,000 freeholders of the independent class. I am not now speaking of disfranchising them, but of getting rid of them in counties and putting them into another class of electors. But every one will see at a glance that if 100,000 of the most independent class of electors be taken from the county list, the less independent must be made more powerful.'"

Mr. Cox carries us very clearly and skilfully throughout all the various changes and modifications of the Bill. He illustrates its progress with extracts from the more remarkable speeches which relieved the general monotony and heaviness of the debates. We get an account of it in Committee and in the House. The different amendments, qualifications, and checks are enumerated distinctly and in good order. He does not hesitate to express himself on the extraordinary prevarications and shifts of the Ministry, and at their failures to preserve any sort of consistency:—

"If in 1859 the Ministry were in favour of household suffrage, they kept their secret longer and more closely than even Cabinet secrets are usually kept. If at the moment when he declared his objections to 'household democracy,' Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues really admired 'household suffrage,' people not adepts in dialectical distinctions will be disposed to think that—to use the mildest expression—they dissembled. But one of those colleagues has indignantly repudiated this imputation. In his place in the House of Lords, Earl Carnarvon, as we shall see in the next chapter, contradicted point-blank Mr. Disraeli's statement that in 1859 the Conservative Ministry were in favour of household suffrage. This conflict of assertions is among the most painful and humiliating incidents of modern Parliamentary debate. That a peer of the realm should, in his place in the House of Lords, impute to a Minister of the Crown a deliberate misstatement, and that such a charge should remain unanswered—these are incidents which tend to lower the high Parliamentary standard of honour; and there is some consolation, consequently, in knowing them to be unparalleled."

The story of the progress of the Bill through the Lords is so recent as to be known to every one; but Mr. Cox furnishes us with a well-digested record most useful for political writers and politicians who wish to find an index to the more important crisis of this great historical measure. At the final stages of the Bill, Lord Derby made use of the expression in which he characterized it as a leap in the dark, and told us that he had a "hope" that it would benefit the country. We recommend Mr. Cox's book to students who are interested in the history of England, of which there is no stranger chapter than that which incloses the account of the Reform Bill. The author has treated a necessarily dry subject with great skill and accuracy. The book contains an abstract of the Bill as it stands, with the material additions to, and variations from, the original Bill of March, 1867, designated.

DAVID GARRICK.*

(FIRST NOTICE.)

If Mr. Fitzgerald found plenty of material with which to compose two bulky volumes, a reviewer should have little difficulty in getting sufficient from them to start him in subjects; but there is nothing so difficult to condense as biography. Garrick is no new name to us, and Mr. Fitzgerald was not unwise in endeavouring to anticipate a primary objection to his work by recounting the various authors who have previously written about the great actor. There was Arthur Murphy, who on this topic surprised every one who knew him by being dull; there was "Tom Davies," who only knew as much of his subject as could be picked up "in the back parlour of his shop," but who, like Murphy, had not the means or the opportunities of consulting the family papers and letters; besides, as Mr. Fitzgerald tells us, both men devoted their attention altogether to Garrick's theatrical career, without giving suffi-

* The Life of David Garrick. From Original Family Papers, and Numerous Published and Unpublished Sources. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Two vols. London: Tinsley.

cient notice to his personal character. After these, followed Boaden, who introduced two great quartos of Garrick's letters, with a short memoir. Mr. Fitzgerald had the advantage of the use of the bulk of Garrick's letters, which are in the possession of Mr. John Foster.

Garrick was born in 1716, his father being a lieutenant of dragoons. The family was noble, of Huguenot origin—De la Garrigue—and connected with the houses of Perigord and De la Rochefoucauld. When little David was a mere infant, Samuel Johnson was just entering the Lichfield grammar-school. David himself was placed under the tutelage of a Mr. Hunter, who had also been the schoolmaster of the great dictionary-maker. He appears to have been a man of savage and brutal temper, who had faith in nothing but the rod, and who used it unspareingly. Garrick was not a good boy in the academy sense of the term. He was fond of talking and laughing, but still did not altogether neglect his studies. Johnson was at that time lounging about Lichfield, uncertain as to his future prospects, or even occupation. When some strolling players visited the town, we learn that, while Johnson pronounced one of the performers to be excellent, saying, "there is a courtly vivacity about the fellow," Garrick pronounced him "to be the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards." Neither of the youths could be considered an experienced critic, and the expression put into Johnson's mouth sounds very much like something composed to suit the style of the great man developed according to his Boswell. When Garrick was only eleven years of age, he established a "company" among his companions, and put Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" in rehearsal. The young manager took the part of Sergeant Kite, while one of his sisters acted the Chambermaid. Johnson was to have written the prologue, but he was absent at the time. This, Mr. Fitzgerald tells us, may be considered Garrick's first appearance on the stage, and took place in the year 1727.

Garrick's father was not in prosperous circumstances, and gladly availed himself of an offer from a brother, a wine-merchant in Lisbon, to adopt his namesake David. The lad was shipped off, but remained in the situation but a short time. He accordingly returned once more to Lichfield, where he was again relegated to the tender care of Mr. Hunter. His father had gone on half-pay, but in a short time receiving the offer of an exchange from a companion officer in Gibraltar, he went away on foreign service, bidding an affectionate farewell to his wife, who accompanied him to London. The poor woman fell into sad spirits on the departure of her husband, but in David she possessed an excellent, kind-hearted son, who left no means untried to assuage the grief of his mother. He was also not forgetful of his father:—

"With every mail the exiled soldier's eyes were gladdened with long, long letters from the affectionate David, full of gay, amusing Lichfield news; full of genuine love and filial warmth; and showing, too, not the unconscious selfishness of the schoolboy, who cannot help writing of himself and his concerns, but a careful selection of such matters only as would please and interest the dear father he was addressing. Even the gayer portions seem inspired by the gaiety of a man, and everything is chosen with almost a laborious anxiety, and the nicest tact, to cheer and amuse the lonely officer, who, he knew, would have to wait months for the next mail. The father took care to put by this remarkable series, well worthy indeed of being preserved, for they gave certain promise of a ripe wisdom, a true affection that would, later, attach friends, of a wit and gaiety that would secure useful acquaintances, and a tact and gravity that was sure to win success in any profession. It is hard to give an idea of these engaging letters, which are as wise as they are affectionate, and have a shrewdness far removed from the almost pedantic wisdom of common schoolboys, showing also a quaintness that might be looked for in the letters of grown-up people. It was curious, certainly, that all these gifts should have centered in David, and that the six others of the captain's family should have dispositions of the most homely and homespun description."

The little details of home and the household, its cares, troubles, griefs, and joys, were all duly chronicled in the boyish and charming letters of young Garrick. He strives to mitigate the anxiety of the poor soldier by telling him how they were gradually appeasing the creditors. The letters of Garrick's mother to her husband are passionate, sweet, and touching. "I must tell my dear life and soul," she writes, nearly two years after his departure, "that I am not able to live easy longer without him; for I grow very jealous. But in the midst of all this I do not blame my dear . . . I have very sad dreams for you . . . but I have the pleasure when I am up to think, were I with you, how tender . . . my dear soul would be to me; nay, was, when I was with you last. O! that I had you in my arms, I would tell my dear life how much I am his. A. G." This is after five-and-twenty years of married life. When the captain had been two or three years absent Johnson returned from the University to Lichfield,

where, by the advice of Mr. Walmesley, he set up a school outside the town and had Garrick and his brother George among his first pupils. Garrick was then eighteen. Johnson was married to "Tetty":—

"She was an infinite source of entertainment to the two pupils, and Garrick long after used to divert his friends with a mimicry of the oddities and affectations of this strange lady. The uncouth fondness of her husband was no less diverting. One of Garrick's happiest pictures, with which he used to make his friends roar, was that of their master's going to bed, which the mischievous youth observed through the keyhole. Johnson would be sitting in a chair by the bedside, writing the tragedy on which he was engaged, rolling out passages as his excitement rose, and so absorbed in his work that he would be tucking in the bed-clothes with uncouth twitches, fancying he was already in bed."

Yet Johnson impressed Garrick with a sense of his importance, and a consciousness of superiority. Years afterwards he remarked that he never could shake off a certain awe in his presence, which he attributed to the feeling that Johnson had, at one period, been his "master." The academy did not succeed, and Garrick left it on his father's return to Lichfield, 1736. Mr. Walmesley was a gentleman from whom the family entertained hopes that something would be done for David, but Mr. Walmesley married, and although he gave every assistance, he did not offer to provide, as the Garricks expected, for the youngster. He recommended him to a Mr. Colson, and on the morning of March 2, 1737, Garrick and Johnson (whose school had now broken down completely) set out together to seek their fortunes in London.

"Long after, they looked back to this pleasant adventure, and often talked over its incidents. Johnson, whose little weakness was a perpetual discontent that 'a mere player' should have been more successful in the world than a grand moralist, was not sorry to hint at their little shifts on this occasion; perhaps, too, with the complacency of the arrogant Bounderby, at the notion of being born in a ditch. In a large company, the quick ear of Garrick would hear the Doctor fixing a date by a something beginning: 'That was the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket—' Not without surprise at such a statement, Garrick would repeat, 'With twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?' There was an opportunity here for a wholesome correction. 'Why, yes,' roars the Doctor, 'with twopence-halfpenny; and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine!' Garrick's good humour could make him accept so disagreeable a fiction without remonstrance; though in truth it was more probable that the scantier provision should have been on the side of Johnson, whose shifts and privations in London were presently to begin. Neither David's parents nor his kind patron, Walmesley, would have sent him away in such beggarly condition. They made their journey, however, economically. 'We rode and tied,' said Mr. Garrick, later, alluding to a thrifty mode, by which two people could contrive to have the benefit of one horse between them, for their travelling. But, as Boswell says, this was a mere complacent embellishment; otherwise it would be amusing to call up the picture of the bright young fellow cantering on his stage, halting and tying his beast to the nearest tree, and then posting on foot; while behind came struggling the uncouth figure, with the seamed neck, the heavy shoulders working, the careless dress, until the welcome beast was in sight. Thus they got on to London: the one to enter on his weary course as a bookseller's hack. They stayed together in town a short time, presently found their slender stock of money all but exhausted, and for the moment were sorely pressed. In this extremity young Garrick recollects a bookseller named Wilcox, of whom he knew a very little, and both going to him, and telling their story, simply and naturally, he was induced to advance them five pounds on their joint note, which in a very short time they punctually took up and satisfied. When Johnson told the bookseller his intention was to get his bread by writing, the other eyed his burly figure, and said, 'he had better get a porter's knot.'"

Garrick managed to save three or four pounds, necessary for fees, and entered himself as a student of "the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn." About a month afterwards, Garrick's father died, leaving seven children, and at about the same period, his uncle, who left him a thousand pounds, giving a bequest of five hundred each to his brothers and sisters. David now went to Rochester to reside with Mr. Colson, and finish his education. Colson seems to have been a curious dreamy sort of personage. He is said to have been described in the *Rambler* under the title of Gelidus. He was as abstracted as Dominie Sampson. Gelidus receives a letter for instance, "and having given it to his servant to read, it was found to bring news of his brother's shipwreck, who was left naked and destitute in a foreign country. 'Naked and destitute!' said Gelidus, abstractedly, 'reach me down the last volume of meteorological observations.'" Garrick could scarce have derived much benefit from the society of so transcendental a philosopher as this, although he remained with him probably a year. His brother had left the navy, and Garrick and he, after some reflection, resolved to set their little capital together and go into the wine trade. One of the firm was to reside at Lichfield, and the other to remain in London and endeavour to spread a connection in the metropolis. David was to be the town partner. The young merchants commenced business in

Durham-yard, where they had their vaults and offices at the bottom of one of the small streets running down from the Strand. "Mr. Cooke once saw a business receipt of the firm's to a Mr. Robinson, of the Strand, close by, who had given an order for two dozen of red port, at eighteen shillings a dozen. It was signed, 'For Self and Co.; October, 1739. D. Garrick.'"

Foote used to say in his own pleasant fashion, when Garrick became a great and prosperous actor, that he remembered him in Durham-yard with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar calling himself a wine-merchant. As Mr. Fitzgerald very pointedly observes, when a man has raised himself by honourable exertion there is always sure to be some one to recall the Durham-yard and the three quarts of vinegar. Garrick, however, was not steady enough to make a successful wine-merchant. He was fond of society, which received him with great favour. He is described at this time as "a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable and entertaining manners." At all convivial meetings he took the lead, telling stories of his short visit to Portugal, and giving sketches of different characters in society. He became intimate with Macklin, an Irishman, whose real name was M'Laughlin, and it is strange how curiously the two men of directly opposite dispositions contrived to get on with each other. "The pair were almost inseparable, and for some five or six years were scarcely a day out of each other's company." The drama had some strange supporters at this period. The butchers of Clare-market were among its vigorous patrons. The coffee-houses were still the great places of resort. Eccentric clubs and eccentric people were all drawn close together, and in more intimate association than could be possible at present. Garrick did not shirk any of the humours of the time, and although neither very dissipated nor very idle, he had an easy, agreeable sort of life previous to his settling down to that profession of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament.

MASTER AND SERVANT LAW.*

THE books before us, and the statutes to the elucidation of which they are devoted, deal with one of the most difficult questions of the day—the struggle between labour and capital. The labour question is by no means one of modern growth. It has occupied men's minds for ages; it smouldered through the Wars of the Roses, and steadily maintained an under-current of existence at times which we associate mostly with changes of religion and dynasty. During the fiercest struggles which mark the history of the country, the artisan seems to have been permitted to pursue his calling uninterrupted and unmolested. As Lord Macaulay remarks, in allusion to certain eulogistic observations of Phillippe de Comines upon the Constitution and Government of England, "The calamities produced by our intestine wars seemed to him to be confined to the nobles and fighting men, and to leave no traces such as he had been accustomed to see elsewhere—no ruined dwellings, no depopulated cities." However far removed the artisan may have kept himself from the conflicts in which those of higher station were engaged, and however free he may have been to exercise his calling, our early lawgivers were by no means tolerant of those societies of which the trade union is the modern type. In the reign of Henry VI. an Act was passed in which we find a recital to the effect that "by the annual congregations and confederacies made by masons in their general chapters assembled, the good cause and effect of the statute of labourers be publicly violated and broken in subversion of the law and grievous damage to the commonality." The Act then enacts "that such chapters and congregations shall not henceforth be held, and if any such be made, those who cause such chapters and congregations to be assembled and held, if they shall be thereby convicted shall be adjudged for felons, and all other masons who shall come to such chapters and congregations shall be punished by imprisonment of their bodies, and shall make fine and ransom at the king's will." A subsequent statute passed in the reign of Edward VI., attempts to deal with a state of things in which three centuries seem to have wrought but very slight change. This Act recites that "artificers, handicraftsmen, and labourers, have made confederacies and promises, and have sworn mutual oaths, not only

that they should not meddle one with another's work, and perform and finish that another has begun, but also to constitute and appoint how much work they shall do in a day, and what hours and times they shall work, contrary to the law and statutes of this realm," &c.; and enacts that "if such persons do conspire that they shall not make or do their work but at a certain price or rate, or shall not enterprise or take upon them to finish that another has begun, or shall do but a certain work in a day, or shall not work but at certain hours and times, then every such person so conspiring being convict shall forfeit £10 to the king's highness." In case of non-payment the delinquent was to be imprisoned for twenty days, and fed on bread and water. For a second offence the fine was increased, and in default of payment, the pillory; and for a third offence a still further increase of the fine, and in default of payment the offender was to be pilloried, and to lose one of his ears, and thenceforth to be taken as a man infamous, "and his sayings and depositions on oath were not to be credited at any time in any matters of judgment." Although we may not be without doubt that those trade unionists who have given way to their passion for rattenning and murder, might not be more suitably dealt with in the pillory than by being subjected to the mild ordeal of an examination before commissioners, yet it is obvious that a coercive measure like this must have failed in its general application, and we are consequently not surprised at glancing down the course of legislation upon the subject, to find these absurdly severe Acts replaced by statutes more in accordance with the spirit of the times.

Two Acts passed in the early part of the reign of George IV., and one which became law about nine years ago, contained provisions for the purpose of having trade disputes settled by arbitration, and empowered a justice of the peace, upon the application of either party, to nominate arbitrators to decide the questions submitted to them. This law was very materially altered by an Act of last session, which Lord St. Leonards introduced into the House of Lords. This Act, the provisions of which Mr. Lovesey discusses in the book before us, in the main has the effect of removing those disputes from the cognizance of magistrates, and placing them entirely under the control of masters and men, who are, from their own bodies, to elect a council, whose decisions upon all questions referred to them by both parties are to be final.

The other Act which forms the basis of Mr. Davis's work relates to a phase of the labour question which is also not without its difficulties, although they are, for the most part, much more capable of an easy solution than those to which we have just referred. The former Act was devoted to the arrangement of difficulties arising between the employer and employed; the present one (the 30 & 31 Vict. c. 141) is devoted to the punishment of servant or master for breaches of contract. The way in which country justices have frequently exercised, to the verge of abusing it, the jurisdiction conferred upon them with respect to labourers, has received at one time or another so large a share of public attention, that it would not be unprofitable just to glance at those questions between the employer and employed of which a court of petty sessions can take cognizance. The workman has given him a summary means of obtaining his wages, when they happen to be under £10 in some cases, and £5 in others. The master may be summoned before a magistrate, may be ordered to pay the amount owing, and in case of default the sum may be levied by distress, or he may be imprisoned. In return for these advantages, the servant is liable to be summoned for absenting himself from service, or for any other misconduct as a servant, or he may be arrested at once upon a warrant, and brought before the magistrate. If he has signed a written contract, and does not enter upon it, he may be summoned or arrested, and on the offence being proved, the magistrate may send him to the house of correction for three months, his wages in the mean time being abated. The magistrate may also abate the whole or any part of his wages, or he may put an end to the service. It is almost unnecessary to point out that this legislation appears to lean very much on the side of the master. The master can only be summoned, whilst the servant can be at once arrested; that which in the master is a mere breach of contract, is punished in the servant as a crime; and although the servant may at once be sent to prison, the master can only be committed when he has no goods sufficient to satisfy the wages ordered to be paid. It will be as well, however, to give Mr. Davis's views upon this branch of the subject:—

"As to the objection, which was frequently urged, that imprisonment should not be awarded for the breach of a contract, it was said that there were two modes of dealing with it, either of which took away from the objectors all ground for speaking of the law in the strong terms sometimes made use of. In the first place, there is,

* The Law of Arbitrations between Masters and Workmen, as founded upon the 5 Geo. IV. c. 98, and 30 & 31 Vict. c. 105, Councils of Conciliation Act, 1867. By C. W. Lovesey, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Butterworths. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.

The Master and Servant Act, 1867. With an Introduction, Notes and Forms, and Tables of Offences. By James Edward Davis, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Stipendiary Magistrate for Stoke-upon-Trent. London: Butterworths. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.

was urged, a breach of contract, but there is something more when a workman wilfully leaves his work unfinished; there is something of a public wrong, considering how many persons, often fellow-workmen in the same class of life, suffer from the sudden neglect of work. In the second place, imprisonment may be viewed as a mode of compelling the performance of contracts. The law of England, in a variety of cases, allows imprisonment as the mode of compelling the performance of contracts and duties, quite apart from imprisonment for debt. In many instances, the law no doubt considers the payment of damages as an equivalent for performance, but in other cases, where damages are not an equivalent, absolute performance is enforced. An agreement to sell an estate is a familiar illustration, where the law of this country will compel actual performance, and will not allow the owner of the estate to keep it and merely pay damages for the breach of his contract; and although, in general, compensation may be substituted for the performance of personal engagements, there are cases where the doing of definite work will be enforced by the Court of Chancery on the pain of imprisonment. In some cases, damages might compensate a master for the breach of a contract by his servant, but the latter is seldom in a condition to pay damages, and therefore, in the absence of any other remedy, he might set his employer at defiance. Has not the master a just right to say, 'Satisfy me either in damages, or by performance of your engagement. The former you cannot do, therefore the latter you must do, even on the pain of imprisonment for refusal'?

"This argument is, however, open to the observation that, in the instances referred to of enforcing performance of contracts by imprisonment, it is only in the shape of attachment for disobedience to the order of a court that imprisonment is inflicted; whereas, in the case of neglect by a workman, imprisonment might, under the former state of the law, follow, without an opportunity given to him to comply with the decision of the magistrate."

The new Act, in addition to assimilating the law of Scotland and England, goes some way to remove many of the defects of the previously existing law; and although we are by no means satisfied that there is not yet much remaining to be done before the servant appears to occupy a fair position upon the statute-book, as compared with the master, the late Act has made some advance in that way.

Of the books before us we must say that the authors appear to have secured all the accuracy essential in a legal treatise, without the loss of any of that clearness of expression which is absolutely necessary in works which must fall into the hands of many imperfectly educated persons. Mr. Lovesy's branch of the subject is of the two that in which a plain and familiar style is most needed, and it has consequently less the look of a law book than its companion volume. Both books, however, are eminently qualified to give the fullest instruction to any reader, however unlearned he may be in legal technicalities.

ANCIENT FAITHS.*

"WHAT great effects from little causes spring!" might be the exclamation of the reader of this portentous volume. The author was asked one day how it came to pass that John and Jack are synonymous. It would appear that he could not answer at the moment; but the question set him upon certain etymological inquiries, which grew and grew, like the beanstalk in the old fairy tale, or the man's nose in one of Grimm's stories, until at length they resulted in a volume of nearly eight hundred octavo pages (which, after all, is only an instalment of the complete work), in an examination of all the religions and mythologies of the world, in a furious attack on the Old Testament as a collection of indecent absurdities and falsehoods, and in an identification of Christianity with the old religious systems of the east of Asia. In what way the author's inquiries into the synonymy of John and Jack led up to these results need not be traced; but we have Dr. Inman's word for it that his final views on these great subjects really grew out of his investigations into the minor question first submitted to his judgment. He says that as the inquiry proceeded he found himself surrounded by a mass of facts, of which he had no previous conception. These facts, we are told, have been ignored by most English writers, and we are reminded that there are certain subjects which are systematically avoided by modern society. "But," adds the author, "when it is known that the suppression of truth has given rise to a series of theological errors which none could have adopted with a knowledge of the sources from which they were derived, it becomes a grave question whether the interests of literature, and even of divinity, do not demand a removal of the veil of ignorance." Dr. Inman speaks of the advantage of sweeping away false ideas and practices in his own profession, and believes that theology will be equally benefited "by a rigid and impartial examination of the bases on which it has been

founded." He therefore enters the field as a religious disputant, fully anticipating that by so doing he is dragging down coals of fire on his head, and laying himself open to the retorts of Churchmen and others. But, inasmuch as he has already done violence to his own preconceived opinions, and to prejudices lodged in his mind from infancy, he does not see why he should be debarred from putting theologians through the same ordeal. Accordingly he brings up his heavy guns—first in the shape of a general introduction, comprised in eleven chapters, and then in that of an elaborate vocabulary of words and proper names used in connection with ancient religions. We propose simply to describe the general tenor of the author's views, without entering into any opinions of our own on subjects which could not be fitly handled in this place. The main object of the work is to show that the leading doctrines of the Christian faith are as old as the world, and have no peculiar sacredness, being nothing more than imperfect symbols by which men have at all times endeavoured to realize their sense of the Infinite, or of what the modern German philosophers call Absolute Being. Dr. Inman seems to lean with more favour towards the Eastern than the Western Asiatics, and the ideas of God contained in the Old Testament he denounces with great fervour. Let us here state that the doctor is not arguing for atheism. He distinctly repudiates it as unreasonable; but he regards as equally unreasonable the excessive anthropomorphism which characterizes the religious faith of all primitive and semi-civilized races, and which is perpetuated into later times by the authority of the priesthoods and the accepted language of the Churches. He finds some of the strongest instances of this tendency in the Hebrew Scriptures, as in those passages where God is spoken of with human limbs, human attributes, human garments and weapons, human passions, weaknesses, jealousies, and methods of action. Against views of this nature he considers that the progress of education, of intellect, and of scientific discovery, in all nations where such progress exists, strongly and persistently militates. It assuredly did so in ancient Greece and Rome; it has done so in China, where a considerable degree of secular civilization has existed for ages; and the tendency of a certain side of the European mind ever since the revival of learning has been in the same direction, however much the various clerical bodies have struggled against it. In England, owing to the Hebrew bias given to the populace by the Puritans of the seventeenth century, and to other causes, the tendency has been less marked; but it has existed nevertheless, and in the last quarter of a century some progress has been made towards the creation of a more abstract and impersonal idea of the Supreme Being. The liberal divines of the present generation show an anxiety to "explain away," or refine by subtle interpretations, phrases which our fathers accepted with composure, and even with reverence, but which are now regarded by many as too contracted to answer the modern conception of a Being who fills, sustains, and animates the enormous dimensions of the universe—a universe which science is perpetually extending before our physical vision and our intellectual ken, in infinite reaches of solar system upon solar system—of planets without number, and starry existence without end. We are not here expressing an opinion; we are simply stating a fact, with respect to which many opinions may be held. Into the more specific conclusions and arguments of Dr. Inman we do not propose to enter; some, indeed, are not of a nature which adapts them for discussion in the pages of a popular Review. We will therefore simply add that the doctor has brought considerable learning and ingenuity to bear upon his task; and with this intimation we leave his work in the hands of the theologians, to deal with it as they may feel inclined.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF SPEKE AND GRANT.*

As a consequence of the immense extension of African discovery during the last ten or twelve years, we have had a very large addition to the literature of that interesting subject. Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Burton, have all published voluminous accounts of their travels into the unknown territories at the heart of that quarter of the globe which to the present day is less known than any other, notwithstanding that it has attracted the greatest number of explorers. To these must be added the works of Continental labourers in the same field, such as Du Chaillu, Vogel, Barth, &c.; and it will thus be seen that an enormous amount of information with respect to Equatorial Africa has been collected and embodied

* Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names; or, an Attempt to trace the Religious Belief, Sacred Rites, and Holy Emblems of Certain Nations by an Interpretation of the Names given to Children by Priestly Authority, or assumed by Prophets, Kings, and Hierarchs. By Thomas Inman, M.D. Lond., &c. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. Liverpool: Adam Holden.

* Lake Victoria: a Narrative of Explorations in Search of the Source of the Nile. Compiled from the Memoirs of Captains Speke and Grant. By George C. Swayne, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

in sundry works. The number is indeed so large that ordinary readers, with the business of life to transact, cannot get through the solid mass, and are thus obliged to remain in ignorance of much that would certainly interest them. It was therefore a good idea on the part of Mr. Swayne to compile a narrative of moderate size, setting forth the adventures and discoveries of two of the most eminent of British explorers into the secret places of Africa. The volume before us is a very readable one. It is full of details, yet not overcrowded, and, as it does not exceed 342 pages, it may be easily read through by any one who wishes to inform himself of the chief incidents attending the travels of Captains Grant and Speke. The compilation is exceedingly well done, the author being an enthusiast in his subject, with all those collateral aids which a general knowledge of the facts is certain to yield. We should be glad to see three or four supplementary volumes, giving, on precisely the same plan, the main results of the investigations of Livingstone, Baker, Burton, and others. It is only in this way that African exploration can be popularized. Simply to publish cheap editions of the big books written by the explorers themselves is not enough. People cannot find time to read them. They must have the results summarized, as Mr. Swayne has done in the present instance.

The only objection we have to make to Mr. Swayne is that he sometimes interpolates questionable opinions in a manner that is quite gratuitous. At the very commencement of his book he speaks of the "meanness" of the inquiry into Mr. Eyre's conduct by the Jamaica Committee; of Mr. Eyre having "added to his fame as a discoverer that peculiar merit for which ancient Rome would have decreed her most honourable crown—the merit of having saved the lives of citizens;" of our generation being "deeply tainted with the worship of the 'almighty dollar,'" and of our no longer possessing the eyes to see heroism. To speak plainly, all this is stuff. It is the merest cant of university men, who repeat it from mouth to mouth with a shallow glibness such as only universities can foster. For it is a fact that, while the highest orders of intellect are really developed, strengthened, and matured by the training of our great colleges, there is a certain species of commonplace which seems to derive confidence and volubility from a few terms at Oxford or Cambridge. With minds of this class it is always a point of honour to be very aristocratical in sympathy, and to denounce with lofty grandeur any commercial or plebeian tendencies. When we find such a writer frowning upon the "almighty dollar," we know very well what he means. He means that he does not like to see modern ideas of equality and of individual right replacing the old feudal traditions of force and domination. Such a thinker naturally regards the oppressions of Mr. Eyre in Jamaica as affording some compensation for the extinction of such modes of government at home; and it is a source of vexation to him to find that there are some people so audacious as to call Mr. Eyre to account for "saving the lives of citizens" by gratuitously murdering negroes. To say that England is only rescued from contempt by the achievements of such men as Speke and Grant, and that it is they alone who preserve us from "utter moral putrefaction," is a ridiculous exaggeration, which, by doing injustice to others, really injures the fame of the brave and able men whom it is intended to honour. We are sorry to be obliged to make these objections to Mr. Swayne. As a compiler, he has acquitted himself excellently; but as a political philosopher he is worth very little.

In the opinion of Mr. Swayne, much might be done towards the furtherance of African exploration by organized efforts, in which the principal European Governments might take part. "With us," he observes, "it has been considered far too much as a matter of interest for the Geographical Society alone." He regards it as "a miracle" that Speke was able, with so scanty a guard, to push his way to the supposed source of the Nile through the hostile tribes he had to encounter; and the life of Livingstone has been endangered in the same way. A few hundred resolute and well-armed men would, in the opinion of Mr. Swayne, be able to walk through Africa, from one side to the other. Large armies for opposing such explorers could only be collected in the great kingdoms of Unyoro, Uganda, and Karagué; and the ruler of the last of these three is favourably disposed towards Europeans, while those of the other two are accessible to various influences. The agricultural tribes on Speke's route were friendly, but the pastoral and nomadic families were generally hostile, and these it would be necessary to keep in awe. They are not apt to combine, however, and are ill-supplied with firearms, so that their powers of mischief are not very great. Mr. Swayne proceeds:—

"Two valuable hints to future explorers seem to be given by the account of Speke's rapid and most successful journey from Kazé to

the Victoria Nyanza in 1858. The first of these refers to the quality of the guard. He found he was faithfully and courageously served by some Beluch volunteers from the Sultan of Zanzibar's mercenaries, and such men are to be found in abundance among the Sikhs and in the northern provinces of India, who have been used to British discipline, and would probably bear well a climate not on an average more trying than their own. The other hint touches the advantage of flying columns for purposes of exploration, unencumbered by what the conquerors of the world, in just contempt, called *impedimenta*. Of course this implies the existence of a central depot for the expedition; such, in this case, had been formed in the Arab settlement of Kazé. From Speke's description, no region, from its fertility and resources, appears better suited for a base of future operations than that about Ujiji on the Tanganyika Lake. Supposing such a depot established there, strongly posted, of course, in an intrenched camp, the different points of present geographical interest might be attacked at once by different parties—one, for instance, might go to the head of the lake, and see whether the river Speke heard of, but did not see there, really exists—whether, if existing, it flows into or out of the lake, and whether there is any communication between the Tanganyika, by it or otherwise, and Baker's Albert Nyanza; another might go to the south of the lake, and ascertain in what direction the river flows at that extremity, and whether the Tanganyika is connected by it with Livingstone's Nyassa, and endeavour to set the public mind at rest as to Livingstone's own fate; while another might proceed to the south of the Victoria Nyanza, and build boats, possibly of iron, in the lack of building trees, by the help of the smiths in those parts, for the thorough exploration of the eastern shores of the Nyanza. It would now be generally admitted that Speke's great discoveries have gained importance since those of Sir Samuel Baker have been published, confirming them in the most important particulars. Certainly Speke did not seem to have an idea of the great extent of the Luta Nzigé lake, though he mentions native accounts which would have led him to infer it. On one subject only is he dogmatic—the physical impossibility of any of the great African rivers having their main sources anywhere except in the equatorial rainy zone; and as yet he has not been disproved. He was, perhaps, too, a little confident that the head of the Tanganyika was completely shut in by mountains, for appearances in such cases are often delusive, and gaps and rents in hills by natural convulsions are often not seen except at their entrances. It would be strange if it should turn out that Speke was doubly right about the importance of the Victoria Nyanza, in the unexpected sense that water flows from his Nile into and out of Baker's lake, and moreover, through Baker's lake into the Tanganyika, and so on into the Nyassa, forming a sort of southern Nile springing from the same reservoir as the northern. But, in the present state of facts, such speculations are simply amusing."

To us it is a question whether such an expedition as that proposed would be justifiable. For solitary explorers to make their way into the territories of independent tribes is one thing; to send a military expedition is quite another. Whatever Mr. Eyre may think to the contrary, we venture to hold that even "niggers" have their rights.

As the present work simply goes over old ground, we need not follow it step by step; but the following passage, describing the court of Karagué, gives so good an idea of the matter of the book that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"As Speke had heard strange stories about the merry wives of Karagué, he now paid his respects to Wazezura, the king's eldest brother, but who was in an inferior position, as born before the accession of his father. He found this worthy sitting with his wife in his hut, with a number of milk-pots ranged before him. The lady was of pleasing countenance, but so fat that she could not rise, and the flesh of her arms between the joints hung down like puddings. After the pretty children had been duly admired, Speke inquired the meaning of the milk-pots, on which his host pointed to his wife with pride, and observed:—'Look at the product of those pots; we keep them to their mouths from early youth upwards, as it is the fashion at court to have fat wives.' The king's five wives were of the same portentous proportions. They could not walk without resting every two or three paces, or without supporters on each side, like a nobleman's coat of arms; and sometimes they were seen crawling on all-fours from inability to stand upright. One of these that Grant observed when seated, had her head uncovered, the wool being allowed to grow into a mop, neatly tied off the face with a thong, and surmounted by a bouquet of feathers. The face was a handsome oval, with intelligent eyes; and the flesh of her arms, bare from the shoulder, depended like loose sleeves. Of course this artificial obesity, which insured complete idleness even more than the Chinese ladies' stunted feet, was confined to persons of distinction. It was worthy of note here, as a custom peculiar to the country, that when the ladies came to call on the strangers, their heads were muffled in a shawl, so that only one eye could be seen. The milk diet did not seem to have had a similar effect on the princes, probably because they kept down their fat by exercise. The royal caste was denoted by slight marks cut below the eyes, but the teeth were not tampered with."

"There were four grown-up princes—Chundira, Kienj, Kananga, and Kukoko. The first was a slim young spark of twenty-five, about five feet eight inches in height, with a sentimental countenance. He affected the dandy, and was always on the look-out to see life. He endeavoured to make up for deficiency in the quantity of his personal decorations by their quality. He was particular about the cut of his waist-cloth, and *recherche* in his ornaments. He was bare from the tuft on his crown to his waist, excepting the decorations that covered his upper arm and his neck. From below the calf to the ankle he wore a mass of iron wire, and always carried, according to the custom of his country, a long knotted staff in his hand. The second son was by a different mother—the sister, probably, of the King of Unyoro; he was six feet high, very black, and so long and heavy about the head

that he was nicknamed 'The Camel.' In comparison with his brothers, he was a mere bumpkin; like them he was married, and had one child, but lived in the palace enclosure. The third son was so shy that he was seldom seen, but came once to have his likeness taken. The fourth, Kukoko, was his father's favourite and inseparable companion. He was very good-looking, and would call on the British officers every day, putting out his left hand when wishing good-morning, and remaining to chat for an hour at a time. Although none of these lads had more covering than a sheet of leather round the loins, longer behind than before, it was so jauntily put on, their ornaments were so becoming, their persons so finely bronzed, their gait was so polite and distinguished, that their nudity was forgotten; and when Kukoko put on a pair of white kid gloves, he had quite the air of a civilized 'swell.' Their food chiefly consisted of milk in the morning and some boiled beef or goat at night; they were allowed no grain, or mutton, or fish, or fowls. They acted as their father's head graziers, and had agents who travelled for them 'in cattle,' but they themselves were never known to sleep out of their own country."

Mr. Swayne's volume is capitally adapted for the libraries of mechanics' institutes, and we anticipate for it a wide popularity, to which the woodcuts interspersed among the several chapters will materially contribute.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.*

To write the life of the man whose genius and persistent will inaugurated the great movement in geographical discovery which signalizes the fifteenth century, without also tracing the history of these discoveries, would have been a profitless task; and accordingly Mr. Major has aimed at producing a volume which should not only sketch the life of Prince Henry, but offer a faithful and minute record of the progressive steps by which our present geographical knowledge has been reached. This practice of taking particular epochs or lives for elaborate historical elucidation has become common within the past twenty years, and in several well-known instances has produced valuable results. In the present case Mr. Major has had to struggle with two difficulties. In the first place, people who are acquainted with the broad facts of geographical discovery seldom take much interest in studying the premonitory symptoms which pave the way for these dramatic climaxes; in the second, the life of Prince Henry, by itself, wants those powerful incidents and changes of fortune which are a mine of wealth to the historian who writes for effect. Prince Henry, laying aside that devotion to science which produced such splendid results, seems to have little marked individualism and no striking peculiarities of character. What Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Froude might have done with a life-history which flows so evenly and quietly, and concerning which so few personal details remain to us, it would be hard to say; but Mr. Major's chief object, as it seems to us, is not to study Prince Henry so much as the contemporary results of Prince Henry's hobby. It cannot be questioned that he brings unusual qualifications to the task, and that the present work is a monument of minute and painstaking labour. That slow process of verification which is so galling to the merely dramatic historian, and without which historical statements are of no more value to us than the shreds of a romance, shines in every page; and if the reader is sometimes inclined to think that the details of such careful collation are insignificant and withal hideous, he must remember that the present volume is not merely intended for popular reading. It is for the historical student; not for the busy commercial man who is satisfied to know the more prominent facts in the life of Columbus, and who has a hazy idea that Vasco de Gama first rounded the Cape. But it is in the highest degree important that, from time to time, accepted historical facts, or fictions, should be subjected to whatever new light may be thrown upon them by discoveries of MSS. and other means; and Mr. Major has now endeavoured to sum up the evidence for and against certain conclusions which hitherto have been allowed to remain in considerable doubt. One of the most marked of these efforts is the refutation of French claims to priority in the discovery of the Guinea Coast; and there is no doubt that Mr. Major establishes his point triumphantly. That is to say, he proves that the discovery of that coast was made at a certain time by the sailors of Prince Henry; and that no contemporary document or map can be found to substantiate the claim of the Rouenese and the Dieppese to have discovered it at an earlier date. Curiously enough, while this book was going through the press, another attempt was made on the part of the French to establish their priority in the discovery; and in a volume chiefly compiled from inedited documents, there has just appeared an account of a voyage made to Guinea in

September, 1364, by certain sailors commissioned by the people of Dieppe and Rouen. This document purported to have come from a Mr. William Carter, of London, who, seeing a certain M. de Rosny searching for old French texts in the British Museum, lent him a MS. volume in which the document was found by M. de Rosny, and copied. Mr. Carter was a stranger to him; he got the loan of the book accidentally; he returned it accidentally; and nobody has heard anything about it since. Moreover, the document said to be in this mysterious book, lent in this mysterious way, was itself only a copy made in the seventeenth century. Further, there is in the narrative certain statements which seem to have a suspicious look; and Mr. Major, after going into the matter very cautiously and fully, pronounces his verdict as follows:—"With respect, then, to the documents now produced by M. Margry, the sum of the investigation yields a result which, unless further explanations can be given, is unavoidable, that, as all the surrounding evidence is not only not corroborative, but contradictory and condemnatory, an unauthenticated document, with internal indications of not being genuine, and represented by a copy of a copy which is itself not forthcoming, nor its possessor traceable, is worth absolutely nothing."

Another point in which Mr. Major's patient habit of research is prominently displayed is his investigation into the claims of Amerigo Vespucci to have discovered the country which now bears his name. How Vespucci had the amazing good luck to give his name to America is in itself a singular story, which Mr. Major narrates with ample show of evidence and contemporary illustration. If the narratives of his voyages given by Vespucci are to be trusted, he must have touched the continent of America before either Sebastian Cabot or Columbus. Not only, however, is the veracity of these narratives questioned, but it is obvious that since Vespucci owed the idea of making these voyages to Columbus, a great injustice has been done by giving to him the right of naming a new world. His account of his four voyages was not published until a year after the death of Columbus; and it was at the same time that a "member of the clique," of which Mr. Major furnishes full particulars, made the following suggestion:—"And the fourth part of the world having been discovered by Americus, may well be called Amerige, which is as much as to say, the land of Americus or America." And, further on, he advances the claims of Amerigo Vespucci in a more definite way:—"But now these parts are more extensively explored, and, as will be seen in the following letters, another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vesputius, which I see no just reason why any one should forbid to be named Amerige, which is as much as to say, the land of Americus or America, from its discoverer, Americus, who is a man of shrewd intellect."

Elsewhere Mr. Major goes out of his way to clear Prince Henry's name from the imputation of having originated the West African slave-trade. We cannot commend his exertions in this respect. The question practically lies in a nutshell; for if we are to judge Prince Henry by our present standard of morals, we must call him nothing less than a rapacious and barbarous ruffian; while, judged by the ethical tone of his times, he was a patriot, a worthy son of the Church, and a philanthropist. Mr. Major quite unnecessarily insists on the fact that African slavery existed before Prince Henry's time. So did a knowledge of the rounding of the Cape. Because the Phoenicians circumnavigated Africa, shall we steal from Prince Henry the honour of having produced the re-discovery of the route? and because the Pharaohs are shown to have had negro slaves, shall we remove from Prince Henry the odium of having discovered a new country only to approach it with the vilest of motives? Mr. Major seeks to prove, from Prince Henry's having sought the countenance of the Pope, that the Prince's object was to Christianize the heathen. He took a strange way of doing it. His sailors were sent out openly to steal men, women, and children; these, when they were brought back, were sold in defiance of family ties, and Prince Henry pocketed his own share of the proceeds. This is prosecuting the glory of God at a remunerative rate; and no unprejudiced person can read the accounts of these mercenary raids upon the African coast and believe that proselytizing had anything to do with them except affording a colourable excuse for the most heartless cruelty. The very first public act of Prince Henry's life was the execution of a stealthy descent upon an unprepared Moorish city, simply that he and his brother might secure the honour of knighthood; and that it was his own purposes, not the salvation of the nigger, that prompted him to coast along Guinea, is apparent from the fact that his sailors, in order to secure the capture (and possible conversion) of one negro, were not averse to murdering a dozen of his companions. One may whitewash Nero into a decent Roman Emperor, and Prince

* The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed The Navigator, and its Results. By R. H. Major, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., &c. London: A. Asher & Co.

Feb. 22, 1868.]

THE LONDON REVIEW.

187

Henry, as he stands, is a very tolerable fifteenth-century hero; but it is not possible to make either of them what a distinguished author of our day is fond of calling a "Christian gentleman." On the whole, however, we have to thank Mr. Major for a valuable addition to our historical knowledge; and we heartily commend his patience, assiduity, and temperate judgment.

THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

DEAN ALFORD gives us in this volume the method he would advise for the study of the Epistles. In an introductory chapter, suggestive of much which might not strike ordinary readers of the Bible, he gives the keynote of his discourse by observing that the Gospel which was founded by deeds was spread by narration. This is to some extent true, but it is not wholly true. The Gospel was as much evidenced in the lives of the Apostles, as it was in the history they had to relate, and the doctrine they had to expound. At the same time that they preached, they proved their mission by working miracles. They were, in a manner, to be the Gospel as well as to preach it. And it was, no doubt, this concurrence of a doctrine and practice so opposite to those which then prevailed amongst the nations, that produced such startling results in the way of conversion. But that does not lessen the interest which attaches to the narrative of their labours, or to those epistles by which they endeavoured to nourish and confirm the faith which they had implanted. Habit has somewhat drilled us to the value of these extraordinary documents; and Dean Alford observes, with much force, that "Perhaps we do not sufficiently realize in our imaginations the state of the newly-founded Churches during this first and deeply interesting period;" and that, consequently, "we do not appreciate the full significance of the Apostolic epistles, and their entire appropriateness to the work which was then to be done." This may appear a trite observation, but it is in truth not so. It is plainly impossible that we should realize the force of the Epistles without some help from the imagination—not to construct for us a world which had no reality, but to recall for us that very world to which, immediately after the Ascension of our Saviour, His Gospel was preached. "Let us," says Dean Alford, "by way of introduction to the Epistles, take the case of one such Church, in Asia Minor, or on the opposite shores of Greece, and endeavour to enter into its state and its wants." Then he proceeds:—

"Imagine a fair plain, with sheltering mountains. The scenery differs not much from that which some of us have seen in the south of Italy, save that the palm has somewhat encroached on the cypress and the olive; which latter trees, however, are found prevalent, and in luxuriance. The plain is beset with the arches of aqueducts, which have for their centre a fair group of buildings, whose columns are marked out by the fierce Eastern sun into lines of bright and dark alternating. That is the Acropolis—the temple fortress—the abode of the tutelar deities, whose images may be seen glittering in the sun, as we see to this day the saints on St. John Lateran glittering miles off over the Campagna at Rome. We are in a heathen land. But let me enter the city: let me deliver my Christian note of introduction. The scene is very strange to me. Amidst the crowd of loungers, half-clad slaves, and children wholly naked, moves the heathen procession, with its ox adorned with garlands, and its sacrificing priest, girt at the waist, and his axe at his shoulder. It is plain who is in possession. But where is the little seed out of which shall grow the great tree whose roots shall trust out the plant that now fills the land? I deliver my letter. I enter into converse. What do I find? A few months before, a holy man has taken his departure. He had been with them some weeks—golden weeks—weeks of blessedness to their furthest memory. It had been an angel's visit. They take me up the Acropolis; there he stood and prayed; then he told them this or that Christian truth; the very cornices of the temple, the very coincident points in the look-out over land and distant sea, are full of the good tidings which he brought. . . . I re-enter the city with them, and in the shade of evening, and again under the moist dawn, I resort to their humble room of worship. Here is the centre and focus of the light which has been poured upon them. Here, from day to day the holy man poured out his treasury of golden words—doubly precious now that the tone of his voice has departed."

To keep alive the impressions thus made, "the apostolic teachers were directed to the expedient of writing letters to the churches which they had founded, or which owed their existence to emissaries sent from themselves." Thus we came by the Epistles.

"And surely no plan could have been more effectual, whether for the present emergency, or for the future profit to the Church. The questions which would need determining would be just those which were likely to recur again and again during the spread of the Gospel, and during the progress of individual churches. The relations of

Christianity to social life, and to heathen practices, the observance of days and the abstinence from meats—and other doubts arising from circumstances—would furnish examples of the application of the commands and maxims of Christ, and would call up the mention of first principles in a way which, when once exemplified, it might be easy to continue. And such letters would naturally also be employed in taking notice of any points in the conduct of those addressed which required correction, and thus would be led to dilate upon the great requirements of Christian morality. And when the writer was conscious of certain doctrines having been but insufficiently explained, he would naturally enlarge upon them; and would establish and enforce the belief of such as were likely to be called in question."

The reader has in these extracts the key to Dean Alford's method of studying the Epistles. It is a subject, of course, upon which a variety of theories might be constructed, but there is nothing contrary to probability in that which the Dean propounds, while his dissertations on the Epistles themselves are full of instructive matter, recalling for the reader the peoples, their cities and surroundings, to whom they were addressed. On the whole, we seldom see a work of the kind so popularly written, and so free from religious slang.

NEW NOVELS.*

"THE DEAR GIRL" is a clever story. It is not very new, nor very true, but it is very clever, and it is never dull. That is saying a great deal for a novel in these times; and we have no doubt the charming young persons who systematically and piously read through every work of fiction advertised in the book columns of the *Times* will be quite delighted with Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's latest effort, and will welcome it as a pleasant fillip and enlivener. The story, as we have hinted, is not very novel, nor are the sketches of society which occur throughout the book remarkable for their fidelity; but the manner of the story is excellent. The scene of the plot is laid in Dieppe; the heroine, "the dear girl," and the principal characters being resident there. The dear girl, who is beloved by the noblest and most generous of men—a sort of spiritualized George Dobbins—loves a certain Colonel Vivian, who, in turn, loves her. Unfortunately, however, Colonel Vivian has been, fifteen years before, entrapped into a marriage; and his wife, now living, is a maniac. He does not, like Rochester in "Jane Eyre," determine to brave consequences by a second marriage; but he is nearly led into doing so by the sister of the noble and generous being whom the dear girl cannot love. This person is the wicked woman of the drama; and she has conceived an intense hatred of the dear girl because of the injury which her brother has suffered. So she sends to Colonel Vivian a letter informing him that his maniac wife has died; and, of course, the lovers prepare for marriage. On the wedding morning the wicked woman is struck suddenly ill, and confesses to her brother what she has done. Horrified, he rushes off, and is just in time to tell the fatal news—well, the news can scarcely be called "fatal" which recalls some one to life—to the Colonel as he is about to go to the chapel in which the dear girl awaits him. Here is a dramatic position which would strike a theatre breathless. But no author with a spark of humanity in his bosom could possibly keep the dear girl waiting in church, and then send her home without being married to somebody. How Mr. Percy Fitzgerald gets out of the dilemma, and ends his novel in a satisfactory and happy way, we do not mean to tell. The story is worth reading *in extenso*; and it would be too cruel to give the whole plot here. Altogether, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's present effort is brisk and lively, and will probably have many readers.

So, also, will "Basil Godfrey's Caprice"—a very different story. Holme Lee has many admirers; and although we cannot profess to have any profound regard for her special qualities in novel-writing, there can be no doubt that these are acceptable to a large number of people who would be inclined to look with disfavour on a book which should have less evident morality than ordinarily adorns Miss Parr's pages. "Basil Godfrey's Caprice" is the story of a young gentleman who is smitten with a rustic lass. He resolves to marry her, and does. There is no effort whatever in the book at getting up the complication of a plot; the only obstacle in the way of Basil's laudable intention to marry is the opposition of his uncle—an opposition of the mildest kind, which melts away opportunely towards the end of the third volume. The story, as a whole, would have been effective and pretty had it occupied a dozen pages of a young lady's magazine; as it stands, the ordinary

* The Dear Girl. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice. By Holme Lee. London: Smith & Elder.

Bentinck's Tutor. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

novel-reader will complain of want of interest. The end of the story is apparent in the first chapter; and there seems no cause in any other chapter for the reader departing from his early judgment that Basil *must* marry the charming rustic. For Miss Parr avoids at the outset those disturbing elements which generally enter into the desire of a young man to marry a girl beneath him in station. Basil is not tortured by speculating on the awkward figure his future wife is likely to cut in society; his sweetheart, a schoolmaster's daughter, is possessed of every accomplishment, converses intelligently on politics, plays on the piano divinely, and is altogether a wonderful young person. That being said, it remains to mention the merits of "Basil Godfrey's Caprice," which are numerous. The style—except in rare instances, where a wish to be vigorous has tempted Miss Parr into bombast—is even and good; the incidents of the story are quiet, and all within the bounds of the possible; the dialogue is never vulgar; and there are some pretty bits of description. There are also some clever and telling sketches of village life. But by what sudden flash of inspiration did such a placid and decorous writer as Holme Lee produce the following lines? Or are they original? If they are written by the authoress of this book, she deserves high praise; for they have in them the ring of a genuine bit of Browning. The song is supposed to be sung by a blacksmith at his anvil:—

"Who forged this bit o' metal?
Auld Kempe o' Ashleigh-by-the-Hill.
It's right good metal! true metal! good metal!
Auld Kempe forged it wi' a will!
See the dints o' it, an' the notches!
See the scars o' it, an' the blotches!
What be they, think ye—flaws i' the metal?
Auld Gisborne could tell!
Auld Gisborne knewed well!
That bore it through many a battle!
This saved his crown, that saved his wind,
This drank heart's-blood, that—but ne'er mind!
Wi' Kempes at the forge, an' Gisbornes i' the battle,
England shall never lack good metal! true metal! good metal!"

Miss Parr, as we have said, is ordinarily a careful writer; but she occasionally slips. What, for instance, is the kind of fern she describes as "pale tufts of fragilis"? Has Miss Parr pulled out some gardener's peg, seen it marked "*C. fragilis*," and, puzzled by the generic initial, sought refuge in the qualifying adjective? Her hero, again, talks of taking "the Belgian and Saxon Switzerland route to the Rhine." He might have taken that route to the Moldau or the Danube; but to go to the Rhine through the Saxon Switzerland would be equal to a Londoner's travelling to the Highlands of Scotland in order to reach Cork. Miss Parr's heroine, Joan Abbott, a very learned young woman, would probably reply that people do go through Saxony and then return to the Rhine, and that any road which leads to a destination must be considered a route to it; in answer to which we should probably exclaim with Basil, "Joan, thou hast one fault! Thou art too philosophical!" "Basil Godfrey's Caprice" may be recommended as offering plenty of good, quiet reading of a pleasant and wholesome kind.

The best feature of "Bentinck's Tutor" is its being published in two volumes. One gets through it so easily. The interest of the book lies entirely in the evolution of the plot; and the less spun out a plot is, the better. "Bentinck's Tutor" offers neither felicities of style nor any particular individuality of character; and the reader's attention is, therefore, fixed wholly upon the line of incident in the book. This is a severe trial, doubtless; and it must be confessed that the plot of "Bentinck's Tutor" is not such as to carry the book on its own merits. We should probably not observe how bare and uninviting is the bald skeleton of the novel, if it were gracefully draped with that costume of fine writing which forms the stock-in-trade of many an author who is a bad story-teller; but, as the book is now displayed to us, these adventitious aids are wanting, and we are forced to see that the plot is made up of the oldest materials—materials which have done duty on a hundred stages from time immemorial. We are familiar with those carpenter's tricks; we recognise the old devices of trap-door and lime-light; and we are not any more inclined to applaud the piece because it is modernized by a little slang. A lad is lost at sea, is considered to be drowned, and returns to the confusion of all manner of wicked people. A child is changed at birth, and grows up as the heir to a fine property, while his likeness to his real father, a drunken vagabond of the neighbourhood, is so great as to attract general notice. The incidents of the novel are as commonplace as they well could be; and the best thing we can say for the book is that it seems to have been written in a hurry. With greater pains-taking, we are convinced the author might have written a much more creditable tale. The dialogue, characters, and plot

seem thrown together in a haphazard way. In one page we are told the story takes place in 1848; in another that the Gretna Green marriages had then been abolished—a consummation not reached until eight years afterwards. The author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" is, we are sure, able to produce a better novel than "Bentinck's Tutor."

SHORT NOTICES.

A Memoir of Elizabeth Fry. By her Daughter, Mrs. Francis Creswell. Abridged from the larger Memoir, with Alterations and Additions. (Nisbet & Co.)

The life of a woman like Elizabeth Fry is interesting to those who believe that existence is haunted by a perpetual supernaturalism, and to those who may regard philanthropy as a phenomenon. However we may theorize, we have the fact of the good done by people who represent those strong impulses which come directly from religious faith; and in the cases of such a man as Dr. Andrew Reed and such a woman as Elizabeth Fry we have examples of the power of enthusiasm to work almost miracles of benefit to whole communities. The book before us has a portrait of its subject, and a very genial and beautiful face this excellent woman seems to have had. When benevolence becomes a passion and is associated with fervid piety, it spiritualizes the homeliest features; but here it worked upon materials of a delicate and perfect kind. The labours of Mrs. Fry brought her in contact with all sorts of personages, and it is amusing to note the Quaker cautions she gives herself, in order to keep her dispositions unspoiled by mixing even for a moment in gaiety or in high places. Crabbe, in one of his poems, thus describes Elizabeth Fry:—

"One I beheld! a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place:
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light."

Poems (chiefly Sacred). By Rev. C. H. Ramsden, M.A., Vicar of Chilham, Kent. (William Macintosh.)

Although we cannot find much poetry in this little volume, there is a great deal in it of fragrant devotional thought, and an educated sympathy not only with the forms in which great singers put their fancies, but with the more delicate undertones of domestic sentiment. The writer, in a modest (not a mock-modest) preface, tells us that he has found the sources of his verse in a quiet home, and there is evidence to indicate that he has not been unsuccessful in representing those kindly, if passionless, emotions which surround the hearth of a country parsonage. He is not unfamiliar with the writings of Wordsworth, and there is a quiet and musical precision in the epithets which often remind us of the poet of Rydal. As containing specimens of a certain description of worthy and respectable instincts, those pieces are very pleasant and agreeable reading. Nothing can be more thoroughly English and religious than all the subjects treated. The author inscribes the book to his wife, and celebrates his wedding anniversaries in the spirit and with the fidelity of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

The Mastery Series—German. By Thomas Prendergast. (Longmans.)

This book is one of a series for the acquisition of languages, forming a system called by the author the "Mastery Series." It consists of a number of exercises for practice in forming sentences in German. There is nothing original in the plan, and the value of the system is sufficiently shown by the fact that the inventor of it uses a phrase so unintelligible as the "Mastery Series." If his system is so well adapted to give perfection in the knowledge of languages, how comes it that he should use phrases in English which are idiomatic and incomprehensible? This sort of English stuck in the front of his book is a disgrace to a man who dubs himself—The author of the "Mastery of Languages; or, the Art of Speaking Foreign Tongues Idiomatically," and "Handbook to the Mastery Series."

Catena Classicorum. Sophocles: "The Ajax." (Rivingtons.)

This volume forms part of the "Catena Classicorum," a beautifully-printed series of the texts of the best works of the Greek and Latin authors which Messrs. Rivingtons have for some time been publishing. The print is remarkably clear and good, and numerous editorial notes are added to the text to elucidate it.

English Exercises. By W. Ellis, M.A. Rearranged by John T. White, D.D. (Longmans.)

Ellis's Exercises, consisting of sentences translated from Cicero for boys to retranslate into Latin, have been a standard work for years. They were adapted, however, for the Eton Latin Grammar, the leading work of the kind then existing; but the "Public School Latin Primer"